

THE BRUCE;
OR,
THE HISTORY OF ROBERT I.
KING OF SCOTLAND.
WRITTEN IN SCOTISH VERSE
BY JOHN BARBOUR.

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B

VOL.

THE
B R U C E.

B U K E VIII.

VOL. II.

B

ARGUMENT.

Thilk, and the twa followand bukes, contein the conquest of hale Scotland be King ROBERT.—DOWGLAS disconfits MOUBRAY.—The Kyng agayn defeits Schir AYMER at Loudoun hill—and ganging North, levis DOUGLAS to win the suth of Scotland.—Dedis of DOUGLAS.—Taking of Lanark castel.

T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E VIII.

THE KING, fra Schyr AYMER wis gane,
Gadryt hys menye euirilkane ;
And left bath wodds and muntanys,
And held hys way strak till the planys.
For he wald fayne that end war maid
Off that, that he begunnyn haid : 5
And he wyft weill he mycht not bring
It to gud end, bot trawailling.
To *Kyle* went he fryst ; and that land
He maid all till hym obeyfand : 10
The men maist force come till hys pess.
Syne eftirwart, or he wald sess,
Off *Conyngayme* the maist party
He gert hold till hys senyowry.

In *Boithweill* then Schyr AYMER was, 15
That in hys hart gret angre has
For thaim off *Cunnyngame* and *Kyle*,
That war obeyfand till hym quhile,

Ver. 1. May, 1307.

Ver. 15. Bothwell castle on the Clyde, Lanarkshire.

Left *Inglis* mennys fewté :
 Tharoff fayne wengyt wald he be.
 And send PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
 With a thousand, as Ik herd say,
 Off men, that war in hys leding,
 To Kyle, for to werray the KING.

20

Bot JAMES off DOWGLAS, all that tid,
 Had spyis owt on ilka sid,
 Wyft off thair cummyng ; and that thai
 Wald hald doun *Makyrnochs way*.
 He tuk with hym, all priuely,
 Thaim that war off hys company,
 That war fourty, forowtyn ma.
 Syne till a strait place gan he ga,
 That is in *Makyrnocks way*,
 The *Nethir-ford* it hat perfay.
 It lyis betwix marraifs twa ;
 Quhar that na hors on lyve may ga.
 On the south halff, quhar JAMES was,
 Is ane upgang, a narow paſs :
 And on the north halff is the way
 Sa ill, as it appers to day.

25

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45

DOWGLAS, with thaim he wyth hym had,
 Enbuschyt hym, and then abad.
 He mycht weill fer se thair cummyng :
 Bot thai mycht se off hym nathing :
 Thai baid in buschment all the nycht.
 And quhen the sone wis schynand brycht,

Thai

Thai saw in batailling cum arayit,
The waward, with baner displayit:
And syne sone the remanand
Thai saw, weill ner behind cummand.

50

Than held thai thaim still, and priuy,
Till the formast off that mengye
War entryt in the ford, thaim by.

Than schot thai on thaim with a cry;
And with wapnys, that scharply schar,
Sum in the ford thai bakwart bar:
And sum, with armys barblyt braid,

55

Sa gret martyrdome on thaim has maid,
That thai gan draw to woyd the place.

Bot byhind thaim sa stoppyt was
The way, that thai fast mycht not fle;
And that gert mony off thaim de.

60

For thai on na wys mycht away
Bot as thai come, but giff that thai
Wald throw thair fayis hald thair gate:

65

Bot that way thought thaim all to hat.
Thair fayis met thaim sa sturdly,
And cuntenyt the fycht sa hardely,
That thai sa dredand war, that thai

That fyrst mycht fle, fyrst fled away.

70

And the rerward saw thaim fwa
Discumfyt, and thair wayis ga;
Thai fled on fer, and held thair way.

Bot Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
That with the formast ridand was,
That entryt wis in the place,

75

Quhen that he saw how he was staid,
 Throw the gret worschip that he had,
 With spurs he strak the steid off prycé;
 And, magre all hys ennymys,
 Throw the thikkest off thaim he raid. 80
 And but challance eschapyt had;
 Ne war a knyght hym by the brand:
 Bot the gud steid, that wald not stand,
 Lansyt furth deliuerly. 85
 Bot the tothyr sa stalwartly
 Held the belt that braist off the brand,
 And fuerd and belt left in hys hand.
 And he bot fuerd hys wayis raid,
 Weill otowth thaim: and thar abaid, 90
 And beheld how that hys mengye fled,
 And how hys fayis clengyt the steid,
 That war betwix hym and hys men.
 Tharfor furth the wayis tuk he then
 To *Kylmarnok*, and *Kilwynnyne*, 95
 And till *Ardroffane* etre syne.
 Syne throw the *Largs*, hym allane,
 Till *Ennyrkyp* the way has tane,
 Rycht to the castell, that wis then
 Stuffyt all with *Inglis men*; 100
 That hym resaffyt in daynté.
 And fra thai wyft how gat that he
 Sa fer had rydin, hym allane,
 Throw thaim that war hys fayis ilkane,
 Thai priffyt hym full gretumly, 105
 And lovyt fast hys chewalry.

Schyr

Schyr PHILIP thus eschapyt was.
 And Dowglas, that wis in the place,
 Quhar he sexty has flayne, and ma ;
 The layff foully thair gate gan ga, 110
 And fled to *Bothweille* hame agayne.
 Quhar Schyr AYMER wis na thing fayne,
 Quhen he herd tell on that maner
 That hys mengye discomfyt wer.

Bot quhen the King ROBERT was tauld 115
 How that the Dowglas, that wis bauld,
 Wencussyt sa fele with few mengye,
 Rycht joyfull in hys hart wes he.
 And all hys mengye cumfortyt war :
 For thaim thocht weill, bath les and mar, 120
 That thai fuld less thair fayis dreid,
 Sen thair purpos sa with thaim yeid.

The KING lay in *Galstoun*,
 That is rycht ewyn anent *Lowdoun* ;
 And till hys pes tuk the cuntré. 125
 Quhen Schyr AYMER, and hys menye,
 Hard how he rayayt the land,
 And how that name durst hym withstand ;
 He wis intill hys hart angry,
 And with ane off hys cumpany 130
 He send hym word, and said, giff he
 Durst hym into the plannys fe,

Ver. 123. Galstoun and Loudon are in the north-east part
 of Air-shire.

He fuld, the tent day of May,
 Cum under *Lowdoun hill* away.
 And giff that he wald meyt hym thar,
 He said hys worchip fuld be mar,
 And mar be turnyt in nobill ay,
 To wyne hym in the playne away,
 With hard dints, and ewyn fechting,
 Than to do fer mar with skulking.

135

140

The KING, that hard hys messengyr,
 Had dispyt apon gret maner,
 That Schyr AYMER spak sa heylly:
 Tharfor he ansueryt irusly;
 And to the messengyr said he,
 ' Say to thy Lord, giff that I be
 ' In lyff, he fall me se that day
 ' Weyle ner; giff he dar hald the way
 ' That he has said for sekyrly.
 ' Be *Lowdoun hill* mete hym fall I.'

145

150

The messengyr, bot mar abaid,
 Till hys maister the wayis raid:
 And hys ansuer hym tauld alswyth.
 Quharoff he was bath glaid and blyth.
 For he thocht, throw hys mekill mycht,
 Giff the KING durst cum to fycht,
 That throw the gret chewalry,
 That fuld be in hys cumpany,
 He fuld swa ourcum the KING,
 That thar fuld be na recovering.

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And the KING, on the tothyr party,
 That was all wyſis and awerty,
 Raid for to ſe, and cheiſſ the place,
 And ſaw the hey-gate liand was
 Apon a fayr feild, ewyn and dry ; 165
 Bot apon aythir fid tharby
 Wes a gret moſſ, mekill and braid,
 Bot fra the way wes, quhar men raid,
 A bow-draucht weille on ayther fid.
 And that place thocht hym all ſo wid 170
 Till abyd men, that horſyt war.
 Tharfor three dykys our thuort he ſchar,
 Fra baith the moſſes to the way :
 That war ſa fer fra oythir, that thai
 War yiwy a bow-draucht and mar. 175
 Sa how and hey the dykys war,
 That men mycht not, bot mekill payn,
 Paſſ thaim, thouch nane war thaim agayn.
 Bot floppys in the way left he,
 Sa large, and off ſic quantité, 180
 That fyve hunder mycht famyn rid
 In at the floppys, fid be fid.
 Thar thought he bataill for to bid,
 And bargayne thaim ; for he na dreid
 Had that thai fuld ony fid affaile ; 185
 Na yeit behind giff thaim bataille.
 And befor thocht hym weill that he
 Suld fra thair mycht defendyt be.

Ver. 172. *Dykes* are ditches. In Scotland that name is
 now improperly given to walls.

Thre

Thre dep dykys he gert thar ma;
 For giff he durst not weill ourta
 To mete that the fyrst, that he
 Suld haiff the tothyr on hys powste;
 Be than the thrid, giff it war fwa
 That thai had passyt the tothyr twa.

190

On this wyfs hym ordanys he. 195
 And syne assemblyt hys mengye,
 That war **SAX HUNDER** fechtand men,
 Bot rangale, that was with hym then,
 That war as feile as thai, or ma.
 With all that mengye gan he ga 200
 The ewyn, or that the bataill fuld be,
 Till *litill Lowdoun*, quhar that he
 Wald abyd to se thair cummyng.
 Syne with the men off hys leding
 He thocht to sped hym fwa, that he 205
 Suld at the dyke befor thaim be.

Schyr **AYMER**, on the tothyr party,
 Gadryt fwa gret chewalry,
 That he mycht be **THRE THOUSAND** ner,
 Armyt and dycht on gud maner. 210

Ver. 198. This term *rangale* Barbour uses, in one or two other passages, for that useles rabble which attends an army. *Gawin Douglas* spells it *rangald*.

Ver. 207. That Bruce defeated Sir Aymer de Vallange, earl of Pembroke, at Loudon-hill, appears from the English historians Matthew of Westminster, and Trivet. See *Annals*, ii. 20.

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Than, as a man of gret noblay,
He held towart hys trift hys way,
Quhen the set day cummyn was ;
He sped hym fast towart the place
That he nemyt for to fycht.

215

The sun wis ryffyn schinand brycht,
That schawyt on the schelds brade.
In twa eschels ordanyt he had
The folk, that he had in leding.

The KING, weill sone in the morning,
Saw fyrst cummand thair fyrst eschele,
Arrayit farrally, and weill.

220

And at thair bak, sum deill ner hand,
He saw the tothyr followand.

Thair bessynetts burnyst all brycht

225

Agayn the son glemand off lycht :
Thair spers, pennonys, and thair schelds,
Off lycht enlumynynt all the felds :

Thair best and browdyn wes brycht baner,

230

And hors hewyt on fer maner ;

And cot armours off fer colours,

And hawbreks, that war quhyt as flours,

Maid

Ver. 218. An *eschel* is a division of an army, arranged in some particular manner ; but its form I cannot find.

Ver. 225. This description has considerable merit. Barbour, as appears from several passages, was far from being insensible of the

Pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious war.

Ver. 232. The hauberk was a coat of mail, made with interwoven rings, so as to ply to the body and motions.

It

Maid thaim glitrand, as thai war lyk
To angelys hey off hewynys ryk.

The KING said, 'Lords, now ye se 235
 ' How yon men, throw thair gret powesté,
 ' Wald, and thai mycht fullfill thair will,
 ' Sla us, and makys sembland thartill.
 ' And sen we knew thair felny,
 ' Ga we mete thaim sa hardily, 240
 ' That the stowtest off thair mengye,
 ' Off owr meting abayfit be.
 ' For giff the formast egrely
 ' Be met, ye fall see sedanly
 ' The hindmaist fall abayfit be. 245
 ' And thouch that thai be mar than we,
 ' That fuld abays us litill thing.
 ' For quhen we cum to the fechting,
 ' Thar may mete us na mar than we.
 ' Tharfor, lordings, ilk ane fuld be 250
 ' Off us worthy off gret walour,
 ' For to maynetayne her our honour,
 ' Think quhat gladschip us abyds,
 ' Giff that we may, as weill betyds,
 ' Haiff wictour off owr fayis her. 255
 ' For thar is nane then, fer na ner,
 ' In all thys land that us char doute.'
 Then said thai all, that stud aboute,

It was not unknown to the Greeks and Romans; and continued in use, it is believed, as long as any mail.

"Schyr,

“ Schyr, gyff God will, we fall sa do,
“ That na reprow fall fall tharto.”

260

‘ Now ga we furth then !’ said the KING,
‘ Quhar he, that maid off nocht all thing,
‘ Lede us, and saiff us, for hys mycht,
‘ And help us for till hald owr rycht !’

With that thai held thair way in hy, 265
Weill sex hunder in cumpany,
Stalwart and stout, worthy and wycht ;
Bot thai war all to few, Ik hycht,
Again sa fele to stand a stour,
Ne war thair utrageouſſ walour.

270

Now gais the nobill KING hys way,
Rycht stoutly, and in gud aray.
And to the formast dyke is gane ;
And in the flop the feld has tane.
The cariage, and the powyr all 275
That war not worth in the bataill,
Behynd hym levyt he all stiill,
Syttand all famyn on the hill.

Schyr AYMER the KING has sene,
With hys men, that war cant and kene, 280
Come to the playne, doune fra the hyll,
As he thocht in full gud will
For to defende or to assaille,
Giff ony wald bid hym bataill.

Tharfor

Tharfor hys men comfortyt he, 285
 And bad thaim wycht and worthy be ;
 For giff that thai mycht wynne the KING,
 And haiff wi&tour off hys fechting,
 Thai fuld rycht weill rewardyt be ;
 And ek gretly thair renouné. 290

With that thai war weill ner the KING ;

And he left hys amoneffing,

And gert trump to the assemblé.

And the formost off hys mengye

Enbrasyt with the schelds braid,

And rycht farraly togydder raid,

With heid stoupand, and spers straucht,

Rycht to the KING thair wayis raucht.

That mete thaim with sa gret wigour,

That the best, and off the maist walour,

War laid at erd at thair meting.

Quhar men mycht her sic a breking

Off spers, that to fruschyt war ;

And the woundyt sa cry and rar ;

That it anoyis wes to her.

For thai, that fyrst assemblyt wer,

Swyngyt, and faucht full sturdely.

The noyis begouth than, and the cry.

A mychty God ! quha thar had bene,

And had the KING's worship sene,

And hys brothyr, that was hym by,

That stonyit thaim sa hardely,

310

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That thair gud deid, and thair bounté,
 Gaiff gret comfort to thair mengye ;
 And how DOWGLAS sa manlily
 Comfortyt thaim, that war hym by ;
 He fuld weill say, that thai had will
 To wyn honour, and cum thartill.

315

The KING's men sa worthy war,
 That with spers, that scharply schar,
 Thai stekyt men, and steds baith,
 Till rede blud ran off wounds raith.
 The hors that woundyt war gan fling,
 And ruschyt thair folk in thair flyingng ;
 Swa that thai that the formast war
 War scalyt in soppys, her and thar.
 The KING saw thaim ruschyt fwa,
 And saw thaim reland to and fra ;
 Ran apon thaim sa egrely,
 And dang on thaim sa hardely,
 That fele gart off hys fayis fall.
 The feld wis ner cowerty all
 Bath with flane hors, and with men.
 For the gud KING thar folowyt then,
 With fyve hunder that wappnys bar,
 That wald thair fayis nathing spar.
 Thai dang on thaim sa hardely,
 That, in schort tyme, men mycht se ly
 At erd an hunder, and weill mar.
 The remanand sa fleyit war,

320

325

330

335

340
That

That thai begouth thaim to withdraw.
 And quhen thai off the rerward faw
 Thair waward be fa discomfyte,
 Thai fled forowtyn mar respyt.

And quhen Schyr AYMER has sene 345
 Hys men fleand haly beden,
 Wyt ye weill hym wis full way.
 Bot he moucht not ammonyss fway,
 That ony for hym wald turn agane.
 And quhen he saw he tynt hys Payne, 350
 He turnyt hys bridill for to ga:
 For the gud KING thaim pressit fwa
 That sum war dede, and sum war tane;
 And the laiff thair gat ar gane.

The folk fled apon this maner 355
 Forowt arest; and Schyr AYMER
 Agayne to *Boithweill* is gane,
 Menand the scaith that he has tane.
 Sa schamfull that he wencusyt wais,
 That till *England* in hy he gais, 360
 Rycht to the King, and schamfully
 He gaiff up thar hys wardanry.
 Na newyr syne, for na kyn thing,
 Bot giff he come rycht with the King,
 Come he to werray *Scotland*.
 Sa hewly he tuk on hand, 365
 That the KING into set bataill,
 With a quhene, lik to pouerall,

Wencusyt

Wencusyt hym with a gret mengye,
That war renonyt off gret bounté.

370

Sic angre had Schyr AYMERY.
And King ROBERT, that wis hardy,
Abaid ryght still into the place,
Till that hys men had left the chace.
Syne with prisonours that thai had tane, 375
Thai ar towart thair innys gane ;
Fast lowand God off thar weiffar.
He mycht haiff sene, that had bene thar,
A folk that mery wes and glaid
For thair wiȝtour ; and als thai haid 380
A lord that swa swete wis, and deboner,
Sa curtaiss, and off sa fayr effer,
Sa blyth, and als sa weill bourdand,
And in bataill sa styth to stand,
Swa wyfs, and ryght swa awisé, 385
That thai had gret caus blyth to be.

Swa war thai blyth withowtyn dout,
For fele, that wynnyt thaim about,
Fra thai the KING saw help hym swa,
Till hym thair homage gan thai ma. 390

Than woux hys power mar and mar.
And he thocht weill that he wald far
Bot our the *Mounth* with hys menye,
To luk quha that hys freynd wald be.

VOL. II.

C

Into

Into Schyr ALEXANDER FRASER

395

He traistyt, for thai cosyngs wer,
And hys brothyr SYMON, thai twa;
He had mystre weill off ma,
For he had fayis mony ane.

Schyr IHON CUMMYN Erle off *Bouchqubane*, 400
And Schyr IHON the MOWBRAY fyne,
And gud Schyr DAUID off BRECHYNE,
With all the folk off thair leding,
War fayis to the nobill KING.

And for he wyft thai war hys fayis,
Hys wiage thyddirwart he tais, 405
For he wald se quhat kyn endyng
Thai wald set on thair menassing.

The KING buskyt and maid hym yar,
Northwarts with hys folk to far.

410

Hys brodyr with hym gan he ta,
And Schyr GILBERT DE LE HAY alsua;
The Erle off LENEWAX als was thar,
That with the KING was our all quhar;
Schyr ROBERT BOYD, and othyr ma. 415

The KING gan furth hys wayis ta;
And left JAMES off DOWGLAS,
With all the folk that with hym was,
Behind hym for to luk giff he
Mycht recover hys cuntré. 420
He left into full gret perill;
Bot eftre, in a litill quhill,

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Throw hys gret worschip sa he wroucht,
That to the KINGs pess be brought

The forest off Selcryk all hale ;
And alsua did he Dowglas-dale ;
And Jedworthis forest alsua.

And quha sa weill on hand couth ta
To tell hys worschippis, ane and ane
He fuld fynd off thaim mony ane.

For in hys tyne, as men said me,
Threten tymys wencusyt wes he,
And had wictours feuen and fyfty.

Hym semyt not lang ydill to ly
Be hys trawaill he had na will.
Methink men fuld hym love with skill.

425

430

435

This JAMES, quhen the KING wes gane,
All priuely hys men has tane,
And went to Dowglas-dale agane ;
And maid all priuely a trane
To thaim that in the castell war.
A buschement maid he fleyl than ;
And off hys men fourten, or ma,
He gert as thai war sekkis ta
Fellyt with grefs ; and syne thaim lay
Apon thair hors, and hald thair way,

440

445

Ver. 425, 427. It appears from different authors, charters, &c. that the country about Selkirk and Jedburgh was formerly called The Forest ; and it seems to have lain uncultivated, from its proximity to the borders, and consequent exposure to the ravages of the border-thieves.

Rycht as thai wald to *Lanark*, far
 Owtouth quhar thai enbuschyt war.
 And quhen thai off the castell saw
 Sa fele ladys gang on raw, 450
 Off that sycht thai war wondre fayn,
 And tauld it to thair capitane,
 That hate Schyr *IHONE* off *WEBETOUN* ;
 He wis baith yong, stout, and felloun,
 Joly alsua, and walageous ; 455
 And for that he was amorous,
 He wald ische far the blythlier.
 He gert hys men tak all thair ger,
 And isch to get thaim wictaille,
 For thair wictaille gan fast thaim faile. 460
 Thai ischyt all abandounly,
 And prikkyt furth sa willfully
 To wyn the ladys, that thai saw pafs,
 Quhill that *DOWGLAS* with hys was

Ver. 449. The cattle-hill of Lanark is on the south of the town ; but no ruin of the castle remains ; its scite being now a bowling-green and garden. The murder of Wallace's wife, which seems the first cause which incited him to arms, was committed at Lanark, by Heselrig or Hislop, governour of the castle, whom Wallace after slew. See Fordun xi. 28 : for Henry the minstrel is no authority, his work being an absurd romance ; tho' in this instance he accords with history, and with tradition, a large cave in Cartland Craigs near Lanark, where Henry says that Wallace lurked, being called Wallace's Cave to this day. It is remarkable that Sir D. Dalrymple should have omitted this important circumstance, for which Fordun was surely good authority.

All

Ver.

All betwix thaim and the castell. 465
 The laidmen, that persawit weill,
 Thai keft thair ladys doun in hy ;
 And thair gowyns deliuerly
 That heylyt thaim, thai keft away ;
 And in gret hy thair hors hint thai. 470
 And stert apon thaim sturdly,
 And met thair fayis with a cry ;
 That had gret wondre, quhen thai saw
 Thaim, that war er lurkand sa law,
 Cum apon thaim sa hardly. 475
 Thai woux abaysyt sedanly ;
 And at the castell wald haiff bene :
 Quhen thai ane othyr halff has sene,
 Dowglas brak hys enbuschement,
 That agayn thaim rycht stoutly went. 480
 Thai wylt not quhat to do, na say,
 Thair fayis on aythir sid saw thai,
 That strak on thaim, forowtyn sparing,
 And thai mycht help thaimselwys nathing ;
 Bot fled to warand, quhar thai moucht. 485
 And thai sa angrily thaim soucht ;
 That off thaim all eschapyt nane.
 Schyr IHONE WEBETOWN thar wes slayne.
 And quhen he dede wis, as ye her,
 Thai fand intill hys coffer 490
 A lettyr that hym send a lady,
 That he luffyt per drouery,
 That

Ver. 492. *Per drouery*, is not in a view of marriage. The

That said quhen he had yemyt a yer
 In wer, as a gud batchiller,
 The awenturs castell off *Dowglas*,
 That to kep sa peralus was ;
 Than mycht he weill ask a lady
 Hyr amours, and hyr drouery.

495

The letter spak on this maner.

And quhen thai layne on this wyfs wer, 500
 DOWGLAS rycht to the castell raid,
 And thar sa gret debate he maid,
 That in the castell entryt he.
 I wate nocht all the certanté,
 Quetheyr it wis throw strenth or flycht. 505
 Bot he wrocht sa with mekill mycht
 That the cunstabill, and all the laiff
 That war tharin, bath man and knaiff,
 He tuk, and gaiff thaim dispending ;
 And sent thaim home, bot mar grewing, 510
 To the CLYFFURD, in thair cuntré.
 And syne sa besyly wroucht he,

term is old French. *Druë*, maitresse, ou concubine : *Drurie*, la vie joyeuse.

Soit sa moullier, ou soit sa *druë*,
 Tantost en a l'amour perduë.

Roman de la Rose, 10196.

Que bien voy-je que ma *drurye*,

Ne mon solas ne vous plaist mye. Ib. 9278.

It might be thought that Drury-lane takes its name from this term, now so applicable ; but it was a lane leading up to Drury-house, the seat of a family called Drury.

That

That he tumblyt doun all the wall,
And destroyit the houffis all.

Syne till the Forest held hys way,
Quhar he had mony ane hard assay :
And mony fayr poynt off wer befell.
Quha couth thaim all reherss, or tell,
He fuld say that hys name fuld be
Lestand in full gret renouné.

515

520

THE END OF BUKE VIII.

1864-3-20-11 12

Have you been able to get any
information about the
new and old stations
in the country? I have

been unable to get any

information about the

new and old stations

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THE
B R U C E.

B U K E IX.

ARGUMENT.

*The Kyng passes the Mounth, and falls sick at Enrourie
—is carried to Slenath.—Cumin Erle of BUCHAN
affailis the King, quha is bravelie defendit be his
men.—The Kyng recoverand defeits BUCHAN at
Enroury; and herries all his lands—fares to
Angus, and taks Forfar castell—and Perth.—Schir
EDWARD BRUCE gangand to Galloway defeits
Schir AYMER ST. JOHN at Cree.—DOUGLAS
taks RANDEL and STUART prisoneirs.*

T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E IX.

NOW leve we intill the *Forest*
DOWGLAS, that fall bot litill rest,
Till the cuntré deliueryt be
Off *Inglis* folk, and thair powsté :
And turn we till the nobill KING ; 5
That, with the folk off hys leding,
Towart the *Mounth* has tane hys way,
Rycht stoutly, and intill gud aray.
Quhar ALYSANDER FRAYSER hym met,
And als hys brodyr SYMONET, 10
With all the folk thai with thaim had.
The KING gud cuntenance thaim maid :
That wes rycht blyth off thair cummyne.
Thai tauld the KING off the cowyne
Off IHON CUMMYN Erle off *Bouchane*, 15
That till help hym had with hym tane
Schyr IHON MOWBRAY, and othyr ma ;
Schyr DAUID off BRECHYN alsua ;
With all the folk off thair leding ;
And yarnys mar na ony thing 20

• Wengeance

‘ Wengeance off yow, Schyr KING, to tak,
 ‘ For Schyr IHONE the CUMMYSN^s fak,
 ‘ That quhillum in *Dumfress* wes slayn.’
 The KING said, “ Sa our Lord me sayn,
 “ I had gret caus hym for to fla. 25
 “ And sen that thai on hand will ta,
 “ Beaus off hym, to werray me,
 “ I fall thole a quhile, and se
 “ On quhat wys that thai prowe thair mycht.
 “ And giff it fall that thai will fycht, 30
 “ Giff thai affaile we fall defend,
 “ Syne fall eftre quhat God will send.”

Eftre this spek, the KING in hy
 Held straucht hys way till *Enrowry*.
 And thar hym tuk sic a feknes, 35
 That putt hym to full hard distress,
 That he forbar baith drynk and mete.
 Hys men na medecyne couth get
 That euir mycht to the KING awaile.
 Hys force gan hym halyly faile, 40
 That he mycht nothyr ryd na ga.
 Then wyt ye that hys men war wa ;

Ver. 34. Inverury, about fifteen miles north-west of Aberdeen. Bruce went to the north of Scotland October, 1307. The Annalist of Scotland, ii. 23, thinks Bruce had met with a defeat before he proceeded to the north; and says it is difficult otherwise to account for that progress: but the reasons given by our poet seem sufficient.

For

For nane wes in that cumpany,
 That wald haiff bene halff sa fary
 For till haiff sene hys brodyr ded,
 Lyand befor thaim in that sted,
 As thai war for hys seknes,
 For all thair comfort in hym wes.

45

Bot gud Schyr EDUARD the worthy,
 Hys brodyr that wis sa hardy,
 And wyss and wicht, set mekill payn
 To comfort thaim with all hys mayn.
 And quhen the lords, that thar war,
 Saw that the ill ay mar and mar
 Trawaillyit the KING, thaim thought in hy 50
 It was not spedfull thar to ly ;
 For thar all playne wes the cuntré,
 And thai war bot a few menye,
 To ly but strenth into the playne.
 For this, till that thair capitane 55
 War coweryt off hys mekill ill,
 Thai thought to wend sum strenthis till.

55

60

For folk forowtyn capitane,
 Bot thai the bettir be apayn,
 Sall not be all sa gud in deid,
 As thai a Lord had thaim to leid ;
 That dar put hym in awentur,
 Bot abaysing to tak the ure
 That God will send : for quhen that he 65
 Off sic will is and sic bounté,
 That

65

70

That he dar put hym till affay,
 Hys folk fall tak ensample ay
 Off hys gud deid and hys bounté,
 And ane off thaim fall be worth thre
 Off thaim that wilkyt chiftane hais.
 Hys wrechytness fa in thaim gais,
 That thai thair manlynes fall tyne,
 Throw wrechytnes off hys cowyne.
 For quhen the lords, that thaim fuld leid,
 May do noucht bot as he war deid,
 Or fra hys folk halds hys way
 Fleand, trow ye not than that thai
 Sall wencusyt in thair harts be ?
 Yis fall thai, as I trow, pardé,
 Bot giff thair harts be fa hey,
 That thai na will for thair worship fley.
 And, thouch sum be off sic bounté,
 Quhen thai the lord and hys menye
 Seys fley, yeit fall thai fley apayn ;
 For all men fleis the deid rycht fayne.
 See quhat he dois, that fwa fowly
 Fleis thus for hys cowardy ;
 Bath hym and hys wencusyt he,
 And gers hys fayis abowne be.
 Bot he that, throw hys gret noblay,
 Till peralls hym abandownys ay,
 To recomfort hys menye,
 Gers that he be off fa gret bounté,
 That mony tyme unlikly thing
 Thai bring rycht weill to gud ending.

75

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 Benach

Sa did this KING, that Ik off reid ;
 And, for hys utrageous manheid,
 Confortyt hys on sic maner,
 That nane had radnes quhar he wer
 Liand intill hys seknes.

105

Tharfor in littre thai hym lay,
 And till the *Slenauch* held thair way :
 And thocht thar in that strenth to ly,
 Till paffyt war hys malady.

Bot fra the Erle off BUCHANE
 Wyft that thai war thyddir gane ;
 And wyft that sa sek wis the KING
 That men dowtyt off hys cowering ;
 He sent eftre hys men in hy,
 And assemblyt a gret cumpany.

140

For all hys awne men war thar ;
 And all hys freynds with hym war ;
 That wis Schyr IHONE the MOWBRAY,
 And hys brodyr, as Ik hard say,
 And Schyr DAUID off BRECHYNGE,
 With fele folk in thair ledyng.

115

120

And quhen thai all assemblyt war,
 In hy thai tuk thair way to far
 To the *Slenauch*, with all thair men,
 For to assaille the KING then

125

Ver. 107. The *Slenauch* is probably in the mountains of Benachie, a few miles west of Inverury.

Wis

Wis liand intill hys feknes.
 This wer eftre the Martymas,
 Quhen snaw had helyt all the land.
 To the *Slenauch* thai come ner hand,
 Arrayit on thair best maner. 130
 And then the KING's men that were
 War off thair come, thaim apparaylyt
 To defend, giff thai thaim assaylyt.
 And not forthy thair fayis war
 Ay twa for ane that thai war thar. 135
 The Erly's men ner cummand war,
 Trumpand and makand mekill far,
 And maid knyghts quhen thai war ner.
 And thai, that in the wodds sid wer,
 Stud in aray rycht farraly, 140
 And thought to byd thar hardyly
 The cummyn off thair enymys.
 Bot thai wald, apon na kyn wyſſ,
 Ische till affaile thaim in fechting,
 Till coweryt war the nobill King. 145
 Botand oythir wald thaim affaillye,
 Thai wald defend wailye contra wailye.

And quhen the Erl's cumpany
 Sa that thai wrought sa wisely,
 That thai thair strenth schupe to defend; 150
 Thair archers furth to them thai send,

Ver. 138. It is well known that it was usual to make
 knights just before a battle.

To

To bykker thaim as men off mayne;
 And thai send archers thaim agayne,
 That bekkyryt thaim sa sturdely,
 Till thai off the Erle's party.
 Intill the bataill drywyn war.

155

Thre dayis on this wyss lay thai thar;
 And bekkyryt thaim euirilk day.
 Bot thair bowmen the war had ay.

And quhen the KINGs cumpany
 Saw thair fayis befor thaim ly,
 That ilk day wox ma and ma,
 And thai war quhene, and stadt mar sa
 That thai had nathing for till eyt,
 Bot giff thai trawaillit it to get;
 Tharfor thai tuk cunsale into hy
 That thar wald thai na langer ly;
 Bot hald thair way quhar thai mycht get
 To thaim, and thairs, wi^ctallis and mete.

160

165

In a littar the KING thai lay;
 And redyt thaim, and held thair way,
 That all thair fayis mycht thaim fe.
 Ilk man buskyt hym in hys degre
 To fycght giff thai affaillyt war.
 In midds thaim the KING thai bar,
 And yeid about hym farraly,
 And not full gretly thaim gan hy.

170

175

The Erle, and thai that with hym war,
 Saw that thai buskyt thaim to far;

VOL. II.

D

And

And saw how, with sa litill effray,
Thai held furth with the KING thair way,
180
Redy to fycht, quha wald assaile ;
Thair harts begouth all to faile :
And in pess let thaim pass thair way ;
And till thair houfis hame went thai.
185

The Erle hys way tuk to *Bowchane*,
And Schyr EDUUARD the BRUCE is gane
Rycht to *Strabolghy*, with the KING.
And swa lang thar maid foournyng,
Till he begouth to cowyr, and ga. 190
And syne thair wayis gan thai ta
Till *Innerowrie* straucht agayne.
For thai wald ly into the playne,
The wynter sesone, for wictaile
Intill the plane mycht thaim to faile. 195

The Erle wyft that thai war thar ;
And gadryt a mengye, her and thar ;
BRECHYNE, and **MOWBRAY**, and thair men,
All till the Erle assembylt then,
And war a full gret cumpany 200
Off men arayit jolyly.

Ver. 188. Strathbogey, a country and town on the west of Aberdeen-shire.

Ver. 194, 195. Editions read

The winter season for vittail
Into the plain they might not fail.

Till

Till *Auld Meldrum* thai yeid thair way,
 And thar with thair men logyt thai,
 Befor Yhule-ewyn a nycht bot mar,
 A thousand trow I weile thai war. 205
 Thai logyt thaim all thar that nycht.
 And on the morn, quhen day was lycht,
 The Lord of *Brechyne*, Schyr DAWY,
 Is went towart *Innerowry*,
 To luk giff he on ony wyls 210
 Mycht do scaith till hys enymys.
 And till the end of *Innerowry*
 Come ridand sa sedanly,
 That off the KING's men he flew
 A part, and othyr sum thaim withdrew, 215
 And fled thair way towart the KING;
 That, with the maist off hys gadryng,
 On the yond half doun was thaim liand.
 And quhen men tau'd hym tythand,
 How Schyr DAWY had slayne hys men, 220
 Hys hors in hy he askyt then,
 And bad hys men all mak thaim yar
 Into gret hy, for he wald far
 To bargayne with hys enymys.
 With that he buskyt for to rys, 225
 That was not all weill recoveryt then.
 Than said sum off hys priuy men,
 'Quhat think ye this gat to far
 'To fecht, and not yheit recoveryt ar?'
 "Yhis," said the KING, "withowtyn weer, 230
 "Thair boſt has maid me hale and fer.

“ For fuld na medecyne sa sone
 “ Haiff coweryt me, as thai haiff done.
 “ Tharfor, sa God hymselff me se !
 “ I fall aythir haiff thaim, or thai me.”

235

And quhen hys men has hard the KING
 Set hym sa hale for the fechting,
 Off hys coweryng all blyth thai war,
 And maid thaim for the bataill yhar.

The nobill KING, and hys mengye,
 That mycht weill ner feuen hunder be,
 Towart *Auld Meldrum* tuk thair way,
 Quhar the Erle and hys mengy lay.
 The discowrrous saw thaim cummand,
 With baners to the wynd wawand ;
 And yeid to thair lord in hy,
 That gert arme hys men hastily,
 And thaim arayit for bataill.
 Behind thaim set thai thair poweraill,
 And maid gud semblant for to fycht.
 The KING come on with mekill mycht ;
 And thai abaid, makand gret fayr,
 Till thai ner at assemblyng wayr.

240

245

250

255

Bot quhen thai saw the nobill KING
 Cum stoutly on, forowtyn fenyeing,
 A litill on bridill thai thaim withdrew.
 And the KING, that rycht weill knew

That

That thai war all discomfyt ner,
Pressyt on thaim with hys baner ;
And thai withdrew mar and mar.

260

And quhen the small folk thai had thar
Saw thair lords withdraw thaim swa,
Thai turnyt thair baks all for to ga,
And fled all scalyt her and thar.

The lords that yheit togeddyr war,
Saw that thair small folk war fleand,
And saw the KING stoutly cummand,
Thai war ilkane abefyt swa,
That thai the bak gaiff, and to ga.
A litill stound famyn held thai,

265

270

And fyne ilk man has tane his way.

Fele neuir man sa foule myschance,
Eftrre sa sturdy cuntenance.

For quhen the KING's company
Saw that thai fled sa foully,

275

Thai chafyt thaim with all thair mayn ;
And sum thai tuk, and sum has slayn.

The remanand war fleand ay ;
Quha had gud hors gat best away.

Till *England* fled the erle off *BOWCHQUHANE*,
Schyr *IONE MOWBRAY* is with hym gane,

281

And war resett with the king.

Bot thai had bath bot schort leſting ;
For thai deyt fone eftrre fyne.

And Schyr *DAVID* off *BRECHYNE*

285

D 3

Fled

Fled till *Brechyne*, hys awyn castell ;
 And warnyst it baith fayr and weil.
 Bot the erle of **ATHOLL, DAWY**
 Hys son, that wis in *Kyldromy*,
 Come syne, and hym aslegeth thar.
 And he that wald hold wer na mar,
 Na bargane with the nobill **KING**,
 Come syne hys man with gud treting.

290

Now ga we to the **KING** agayne,
 That off hys wictory wes ryght fayne,
 And gert hys men bryn all *Bouchane*
 Fra end till end, and sparyt nane ;
 And heryit thaim on sic maner,
 That eftre that weill fyfty yer,
 Men menynt the *Herschip off Bowchane*.
 The **KING** than till hys pes has tane
 The north cuntreyis, that humbly
 Obeyfyt till hys senyowry.
 Sa that be north the *Month* war nane
 Than thai hys men war ilkane.
 Hys lordschip wox ay mar and mar.
 Towart *Angus* syne gan he far,

295

300

305

Ver. 296. This ravage of Buchan is certainly no gem in the crown of Bruce's praise; but the manners of the age, and the desire of striking salutary terror into his opponents, may excuse him; along with the just enmity he had for the Cummins, a family too powerful, and who had conspired his death. The time is now spring, 1308. See *Annals*, ii. 24.

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 131

And thought fone to mak all fre
That wes on the northalff the *Scotts Se.*

The castell off *Forfayr* wes then
Stuffyt all with *Inglis* men. 310

Bot PHILIP the FORASTER off *Platane*
Has off hys freynds with hym tane,
And with leddrys all priuely
To the castell he gan hym hy.

And up owtour the wall off stane,

And fwa gat has the castell tane,
Throw faute off wach, with litill Payne.

And syne all that he fand has slayne;

Syne yauld the castell to the KING, 320

That maid hym rycht gud rewarding.

And syne gert brek doun the wall,

And fordyd well, and castell all.

Quhen that the castell off *Forfar*,
And all the towrs tumblyt war
Downe till the erd, as Ik haiff tauld,
The KING, that wycht was wyfs and bauld,
That thought that he wald mak all fre
Apon the north halff the *Scotts Se*, 325

Ver. 309. The *Scots Sea*, or *Mare Scoticum*, is the frith of Forth. That part of Scotland south of Clyde and Forth was not accounted to be in *Scotland proper*, till a late period, but only belonging to it. See *Enquiry into the History of Scotland preceding 1056*. London 1789, 2 vols. 8vo.

Ver. 329. But Dundee was still held by the English, till
1313. See book x. ver. 801.

Till *Perth* is went, with all hys rout, 330
 And unbesett the towne about ;
 And till it a sege has set.
 Bot quhill it mycht haiff men and mete,
 It mycht not but gret payn be tane ;
 For all the wall wis then of stane, 335
 And wycht towrs and hey standand.
 And that tyme war tharin duelland
MOFFAT, and als **OLYSARD**,
 Thai twa the toun had all in ward :
 And off **STRAITHERNE** als the Erle wes thar. 340
 Bot hys son, and off hys men, war
 Without intill the **KINGS** rowt,
 Thar was oft bekkyryng styth and stout,
 And men slayne apon ilk party.
 Bot the gud **KING**, that all wytty 345
 Wes in hys deds euirilkane,
 Saw the wallis sa styth off stane,
 And saw defens that thai gan ma ;
 And how the toun was hard to ta
 With opyn fawt, strenth or mycht ; 350
 Tharfor he thocht to wyrk with flycht.
 And in all tyme that he thar lay
 He spyit, and fleyly gert assay,
 Quhar the dyke schaldest was.
 Till at the last he fand a place 355

Ver. 340. Malis Earl of Strathern, a nobleman of great power.

Ver. 354. That is, ' where the ditch was shallowest.'
 That

That men mycht till thair schulders wad.
 And quhen he that place fundyn had,
 He gert hys men busk ilkane,
 Quhen sex wouks off the sege wes gane ;
 And tursyt thair harness halely,
 And left the sege all opynly ;
 And furth with all his folk gan fayr,
 As he wald do tharto na mayr.

360

And thai, that war within the toun,
 Quhen thai to fayr sa saw hym boun,
 Thai schowtyt hym, and skornyn mad :
 And he furth on hys wayis rad,
 As he ne had will agayne to turn,
 Na besid thaim mak mar soiourn.
 Bot in aucht days not forthy
 He gert mak leddrys priuely,
 That mycht suffice till hys entent ;
 And in a myrk nycht syne is went
 Towart the town, all priuely ;
 Thai hard na wachys spek, na cry ;

365

For thai war within may fall,
 As men that dred not, slepand all.
 Thai haid na dreid than off the KING ;
 For thai off hym hard nathing,
 All the thre dayis befor, or mar ;
 Tharfor sekyr and traist thai war.

375

380

And quhen the KING thaim hard not ster,
 He was blyth on gret maner,

And

And hys leddrys in hand gan ta,
Ensample till hys men to ma. 385
Arayit weill in all hys ger,
Schot on the dyke, and with hys sper
Taistyt, till he it our woud:
Bot till hys throt the watyr stud.

That tyme wis in hys cumpany 390
A knyght off *Fraunce*, wycht and hardy;
And quhen he in the watyr swa
Saw the KING pafs, and with hym ta
Hys laddyr unabasftly,
He saynyt hym for the ferly. 395
And said, “A lord! quhat fall we say
“Off our lords off *Fraunce*, that thai
“With gud morsells fayris thair pawnch,
“And will bot ete, and drynk, and dawnse,
“Quhen sic a knyght, and sa worthy, 400
“As this throw hys chewalry,
“Into sic perill has hym set,
“To wyn a wrechyt hamylett!”

With

Ver. 403. It is no wonder that, to a French knight, Perth, one of the chief towns of Scotland, should appear ‘a wretched ‘hamlet.’ Such was the poverty of Scotland, owing to want of industry; for industry can make any country rich; and want of it can render any country poor. This poverty continued till the abolition of hereditary jurisdictions, 1750, when liberty and industry began to diffuse their blessings over Scotland. The flourishing state of Scotch commerce under the five Jameses, lately started by ignorant theorists,

With that word to the dyke he ran,
And our eftre the KING he wan.

405

And quhen the KING's mengye saw
Thair lord out our, intill a thraw
Thai passyt the dyk : and, bot mar let,
Thair leddrys to the wall thai set ;
And to clymb up fast preffyt thai. 410
Bot the gud KING, as I hard say,
Was the second man that tuk the wall :
And bad thar, till hys mengye all
War cummyn up, in full gret hy ;
Yheit thair raifs nothyr noyiss na cry. 415
Bot sone eftre thai noyiss mad,
That off thaim fyrst persawing had,
Swa that the cry raifs throw the toune.
Bot he that with hys men wes boune
Till assaill, to the toune is went, 420
And the maist off hys mengye sent,
All scalyt throw the town : bot he
Held with hymselff a gret mengye ;
Sa that he mycht be ay purwayit
To defend, giff he war assayit. 425

Bot thai, that he send throw the toune,
Put to sa gret confusoun
Thair fayis, that in bedds war,
Or scalyt fled her and thar ;
rists, is a mere dream, unsupportable by any proof whatever.
Scotland never was in so flourishing a condition as at
present.

That,

That, or the sone raiss, thai had tane 430
 Thair fayis, or discomfyt ilkane.
 The wardanys bath tharin war tane :
 And MALICE off STRAITHERN is gane
 Till hys fadyr, the erle MALICE,
 And with strenth tuk hym, and hys. 435
 Syne for hys sake the nobill KING
 Gave hym hys in gouerning.
 The lave, that ran without the toun,
 Sesyt to thaim into gret fusioun
 Men, and armyng, and merchandis, 440
 And othyr gud on syndry wys ;
 Quhill thai, that er war pour and bar,
 Off that gud rych and mychty war.
 Bot thar was few slayne ; for the KING
 That thaim had gevyn in cummanding
 On gret Payne, that thai fuld slay nane,
 That bot gret bargane mycht be tane.
 That thai war kynd to the cuntré
 He wyft, and off thaim had pité.

In this maner the toune wis tane. 450
 And syne towrs euirilkane,
 And wallis, gert he tumble doun :
 He levyt not about that toun

Ver. 439. *Fusioun* is plenty. Shakspere uses *foysoun* *plenty*, for abundant plenty.

Ver. 450. Fordun xii. 18 dates the taking of Perth 8 Jan. 1312-13. Sir D. Dalrymple 1311. Barbour's authority seems best, who here places it in 1308.

Towr

Towr standand, na stane na wall,
 That he ne haly gert stroy thaim all.
 And prisonerys, that thar tuk he,
 He send quhar thai mycht haldyn be.
 And till hys pess tuk all the land:
 Wis nane that durst hym thar withstand.

455

Apon north halff the *Scots Se*,
 All obeysyt till hys maiesté;
 Owtane the LORN, and thai
 Off *Argbile*, that wald with hym ga.
 He held hym ay agayne the KING:
 And hatyt hym atour all thing.
 Bot yete, or all the gamyn ga,
 I trow weill that the KING fall ta
 Wengeance off hys gret craulté;
 And that hym far repent fall he,
 That he the KING contraryit ay,
 May fall, quhen he it mend na may.

460

465

470

The KING's brodyr, quhen the toun
 Wes takyn thus, and dongyn doun,
 Schyr EDUUARD that was sa worthy,
 Tuk with hym a gret cumpany,
 And tuk hys gayt till *Galloway*.
 For with hys men he wald assay
 Giff he mycht recouer that land,
 And wyn it fra *Inglis menys* hand.

475

Ver. 476. June, 1308.

This

This Schyr EDUARD, forsuth Ik hyc्त, 480
 Wes off hys hand a nobill knycht;
 And in blythnes suete and joly;
 Bot he was owtrageous hardy,
 And off sa hey undertaking,
 That he had neuir yhet abaysyng 485
 Off multitud off men, forthy
 He discumfyt commonly
 Mony with quehene: tharfor had he
 Owt our hys pers renounie.
 And quha wald rehers all the deid 490
 Off hys hey worship, and manheid,
 Men mycht a mekill romans mak.
 And not forthy, I think to tak
 In hand, to say sum thing off hym:
 Bot not tend part hys trawaillyn. 495

This gud knycht, that I spek of her,
 With all the folk that with hym wer,
 Weill sone to *Galoway* cummyn is.
 All that he fand he makyt hys;
 And roytyn gretly the land. 500
 Bot than in *Galloway* war wennand
 Schyr INGREHAME UMPHRAWEILL, that wes
 Renonyit off sa hey prowes,
 That he off worship paſſyt the rout;
 Tharfor he gert ay ber about 505
 Apon a sper ane red bonnet,
 Into takyn that he wes set
 Into

Into the hycht of chewalry ;
 And off SAYNT IHONE als Schyr AYMERY.
 Thir twa the land had in stering. 510
 And quhen thai hard off the cumming
 Off Schyr EDUWARD, that sa playnly
 Owr raid the land, then in gret hy
 Thai assemblyt all thair mengye.
 I trow twalf hundir thai mycht be. 515
 Bot he with fewar folk thaim met
 Besid *Cre*, and sa hard thaim set,
 With hard bataill, and stalwart fycht,
 That he thaim all put to the flycht :
 And flew twa hundir weill and ma. 520
 And the cheyftanys in hy gan ta
 Thair way to *Bothwell*, for to be
 Thar refawyt to fawfté.
 And Schyr EDUARD thaim chaffyt fast.
 Bot till the castell, at the last, 525
 Gat Schyr INGRAHAME, and Schyr AYMERY ;
 Bot the best off thair cumpany
 Left ded behind thaim in the place.
 And quhen Schyr EDUARD saw the chace
 Wes failyt, he gert seyss the prey ; 530
 And fwa gret catell had away,
 That it war wondre for to se.
 Owt of *Bothwell* thai saw how he

Ver. 509. His name was John de St. John, not Aymer de St. John. *Annals*, ii. 25.

Ver. 517. Fordun says near the river *Dee*, xii. 17. This action happened 29 June 1308.

Gert

Gert hys men dryve with hym the prey ;
Bot na let set tharin mycht thai.

535

Throw hys chewalyouss chewalry
Galloway wes stonayit gretummlly ;
And he dowtit for hys bounté.
Sum off the men off that cuntré
Come till hys pefs, and maid hym aith. 540
Bot Schyr AYMYRY that had the skaith
Off the bargane, I tawld off er,
Raid till *Ingland* to purches ther
Off armyt men gret company,
To wenge hym off the welany
That Schyr EDUARD, that nobill knycht, 545
Hym did by *Cre* into the fycht.

Off gud men he assemblyt thar
Weill fyften hundir men, and mar,
That was off rycht gud renounné.
Hys way with all that folk tuk he ; 550
And in the land, all priuely,
Entryt with that chewalry ;
Thynkand Schyr EDUARD to surprysf,
Giff that he moucht on ony wysf ;
For he thocht he wald hym affaill, 555
Or that he left in playne bataill.

Now may ye her off gret ferly,
And off rycht hey chewalry.

For

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Vc

For Schyr EDUARD into the land
 Wes with hys mengye, rycht ner hand,
 And in the mornynge rycht arly
 Herd the cuntré men mak cry ;
 And had wittryng off thair cummyng.
 Than buskyt he hym, but delaying,
 And lap on hors deliuerly.
 He had then in route fyfty,
 All apon gud hors armyt weil.
 Hys small folk gert he ilk deill
 Withdraw thaim till a strait tharby :
 And he raid forth with hys fyfty.

560

565

570

A knyght, that then wis in hys rowt,
 Worthy and wycht, stalwart and stout,
 Curtaiss, and fayr, and off gud fame,
 Schyr ALLANE off CATKERT by name,
 Tauld me this taile, as I fall tell.
 Gryt myst into the mornynge fell,
 Sa thai mycht not se thaim by,
 For myst, a bow-draught fullyly.
 Sa hapnyt it that thai fand the traiss,
 Quhar at the rowte furth passyt waiss
 Off thair fayis, that forouth raid.
 Schyr EDUARD, that gret yarnyng had
 All tymes to do chewalry,
 With all hys rowte in full gret hy,
 Folowyte the traiss quhar gan war thai ;
 And, befor myd-morn off the day

575

580

585

The myst woux cler all sedanly.
 And than he, and hys cumpany,
 War not a bow-draucht fra the rout : 590
 Than schot thai on thaim with a schout.
 For giff thai fled, thai wylt that thai
 Suld not weill feyrd part get away.
 Tharfor in awentur to dey
 He wald hym put, or he wald fley. 595
 And quhen the *Inglis* cumpany
 Saw on thaim cum sa sedanly
 Sik folk, forowtyn abaysing,
 Thai war stonayit for effrayng.
 And the tothyr, bot mar abaid, 600
 Swa hardely amang thaim raid,
 That fele off thaim till erd thai bar.
 Stonayt sa gretly than thai war,
 Throw the force off that fyrst assay,
 That thai war intill gret affray ; 605
 And wend befor thai had ben ma,
 For that thai war assailyit fwa.
 Quhen thai had thyrlyt thaim hastyly,
 Then Schyr EDUARD's cumpany
 Set stoutly in the heid agayne. 610
 And at that cours borne doun, and slayne,
 War off thair fayis a gret party ;
 That thai effrayit war sa gretly,
 That thai war scalyt gretly then.
 And quhen Schyr EDUARD, and hys men, 615
 Saw thaim intill sa ewill aray,
 The thrid tyme on thaim prykty thai.

And

And thai that saw thaim sa stoutly
 Come on, dred thaim sa gretumly,
 That all the rowte, baith les and mar,
 Fled prykand, scalyt her and thar.

620

Was nane amang thaim sa hardy
 To bid; bot all comonaly
 Fled to warand, and he gan chass
 That willfull to destroy thaim was.
 And sum he tuk, and sum war flayn.
 Bot Schyr AMERY, with mekill payn,
 Eschapyt; and hys gate is gayn.
 Hys men discomfyt wer ilkane;
 Sum tane, sum flayn, sum gat away.
 It wes a ryght sayr point perfay.

625

630

Lo how hardyment tane sa sedanly,
 And drewyn to the end scharply,
 May ger oftsys unluky thins
 Cum to ryght fayr and gud endings.
 As it fell into this cass her.

635

For hardyment withowtyn wer
 Wan fyften hundir with fyfty:
 Quhar ay for ane thar was twenty;
 And twa men ar a mannys her.
 Bot ure thaim led on swilk maner,
 That thai discomfyt war ilkane.
 Schyr AMERY hame hys gate is gane,
 Rycht blyth that he swa gat away.
 I trow he fall not mony day

640

645
Haiff

Haiff will to werray that countré:
 With this Schyr EDUARD tharin be;
 And duell furth into the land,
 Thaim that rebell war werryand.

And in a yer sa werrayit he, 650
 That he wane qwyt that cuntré
 Till hys brodyrs pes, the KING.
 Bot that wis nocht bot hard fechting.
 For in that tyme thar hym befell
 Mony sayr poynt, as Ik hard tell, 655
 The quhilk that ar not wryttyn her.
 Bot I wate weill that, in that yer,
 Threten castells with strench he wan,
 And ourcame many a mody man:
 Quha sa off hym the south will reid, 660
 Had he had mesure in hys deid,
 I trow that worthyar then he
 Mycht not in hys tyme fundyn be.
 Axceptyn hys brodyr entrely,
 To quham into chewalry 665
 Lyk wis nane, in hys day:
 For he led hym with mesur ay,
 And wyt with hys chewalry.
 He gouernyt sa worthily
 That he oft full unlikely thing 670
 Brocht rycht weill to gud ending.

In all this tyme JAMES off DOWGLAS
 In the *Forest* trawailland was;

Ver. 672. Summer 1308.

And

And it, throw hardiment and flycht,
Occupyit all, maugre the mycht 675
Off hys fell fayis, the quhyr thai
Set hym oft in full hard assay.
Bot oft throw wyt, and throw bounté,
Hys purpos to gud end brought he.
Intill that tyme hym fell throw cass
On ane nyght, as he trawailland was, 680
And thocht till haiff resting
In ane houss on the watyr off *Lyne*.
And as he come with hys mengye
Ner hand the houss, sa lysnyt he,
And hard ane say tharin, “ the dewill ! ” 685
And be that he persawyt weil
That thai war strang men, that thar
That nyght tharin herberyt war.
And as he thocht it fell per cass :
For off *Bonkle* the Lord thar was, 695
ALESANDYR STEWART hat he ;
With othyr twa off gret bounté,
THOMAS RANDALL off gret renoune ;
And **ADAM** alsua off **GORDOUN**.

Ver. 683. In Tweedale : it passes near Kirkurd, and falls into the Tweed above Peebles.

Ver. 686. Swearing was so uncommon in the country at that time, that Douglas judged a man at arms alone could use it.

Ver. 694. Thomas Randel the king's nephew, soon after this, Earl of Moray.

That thar come with gret cumpany,
 And thocht into the *Foreſt* to ly,
 And occupy it, throw thair mycht ;
 And with trawaill, and stalwart fycht,
 Chase DowGLAS owt off the cuntré.
 Bot othyrwysſ then yeid the gle.

700

For quhen JAMES had wittring
 That ſtrange men had tane herbering
 In the place, that he ſchuip hym to ly,
 He to the houſs went haſtily,
 And unbeset it all about.

705

Quhen thai within hard ſwilk a rout
 About the houſs, thai raifs in hy,
 And tuk thair ger rycht haſtily,
 And ſchot furth, fra thai harnafyt war.
 Thair fayis thaim met with wapnys bar,
 And affaileyt rycht hardily,
 And thai defendydt douchtely
 With all thair mycht ; till at the laſt
 Thair fayis preſſyt thaim ſa laſt,
 That thair folk failyt thaim ilkane.

710

THOMAS RANDELL thar wes tane ;
 And ALYSANDER STEWART alſua,
 Woundyt in a place or twa ;
 ADAM off GORDOUN fra the fycht,
 Quhat throw hys ſtrength and mycht,
 Eschapyt ; and fer off thair men.
 Bot thai that war areſtyt then,

715

720

War

War off thair takyng wondre wa.
Bot neidlings behowit it be swa.

725

That nyght the gud Lord off Dowglas
Maid to Schyr ALEXANDIR, that was
Hys ennemys sone, ryght glaidsum cher:
Swa did he als withowtyn wer
Till THOMAS RANDELL, for that he 730
Wes to the KING in ner degré
Off blud, for hys syfstre hym bar.
And on the morn forowtyn mar
Towart the nobill KING he raid,
And with hym bath the twa he had. 735

The KING off hys present wis blyth;
And thankyt hym weill fele syth.
And till hys nevo gan he say,
“ Thou hast ane quhill renyid thy fay:
“ Bot yow reconсалit now mon be.” 740
Then till the KING ansueryt he,
And said, ‘ Ye chafty me; bot ye
‘ Aucht bettre chafnyt for to be;
‘ For sen ye werrayit the king
‘ Off *Ingland* in playne fechting, 745
‘ Ye fuld press to derenyhe your ryght,
‘ And not with cowardy, na with flycht.’
The KING said, “ Yheit fall it may
“ Cum, or oucht lang, to sik assay.
“ Bot sen yow spekys sa rudly, 750
“ It is gret skill men chafty

E 4

“ Thy

“ Thy proud words, till that yow knaw

“ The rycht, and bow it as yow aw.”

The KING, forowtyn mar delaying,

Send hym to be in ferme keping;

755

Quhar that he allane fuld be,

Not all apon bys powfté fre.

THE END OF BUCE IX.

THE
B R U C E.

B U K E X.

ARGUMENT.

*The Kyng, at the mountain of Crethinben, defetes the
men of Lorn—taks Dunstafnage.—ALEXANDER
Lord of ARGYLE submits, bot his son JOHN of
LORN flees awa be se.—WILLIAM BUNNOC,
a farmer, taks Linlithgow fort, for the King, be
stratageme.—RANDEL is maid Erle of MUREF
—and besiegis Edinburgh castel.—DOUGLAS taks
Roxburgh castel.—RANDEL taks Edinburgh cas-
tel.—Schir EDWARD BRUCE taks Ruthglen fort,
and Dundee—but gies terms to Strivilin, qubilk
draw the King of England to quell Scotland.*

T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E X.

QUHEN THOMAS RANDELL, on this wyſſ,
 Wes takyn, as Ik her dewyſſ,
 And ſend to duell in gud keping,
 For ſpek that he ſpak to the KING ;
 The gud KING, that thocht on the ſkaith, 5
 The diſpyt and felny bath,
 That IHON of LORNE had to hym done,
 Hys oſt аſſemblyt he then ſone ;
 And towart *Lorn* he tuk the way,
 With hys men intill gud aray. 10
 Bot IHONE off LORNE off hys cummyng,
 Lang or he come, had wittring.
 And men on ilk ſid gadryt he,
 I trow twa thouſand thar mycht be :
 And ſend thaim for to ſtop the way, 15
 Quhar the gud KING behowyt to gay ;
 And that wes in an ewill plaff,
 That fa strayt and fa narow was,

Ver. 10. August 1308. See ſome latin rimes on this ſub-
 ject in Fordun, xii. 18.

That

That twasum famyn mycht not rid
In sum place off the hills sid. 20
The nethyr halff wes parallous ;
For a schor crag, hey and hidwoufs,
Raucht to the se, doun fra the pass.
On ayther halff the montane was
Swa combroufs hey, and stay, 25
That it wes hard to pass that way,
Crethiben hight that montane.
I trow nocht that, in all *Bretane*,
Ane heyar hill may fundyn be.
Thar IHON of LORN gert hys menye 30
Enbuschyt, be abowyn the way,
For, giff the KING held tharaway,
He thocht he fuld sone wencuffyt be.
And hymselff held hym apon the se,
Weill ner the pass with hys galayis. 35
Bot the KING, that in all assayis
Wes fundyn wysis and awisé,
Persawyt rycht weill thair sutelté ;
And that he neid that gait fuld ga.
Hys men depertyt he in twa ; 40

Ver. 27. Is this *Cruthin-ben*, between Lochs Etive and Awe, in the direct way from the east to Dunstaffnage ?

Ver. 35. The chiefs of Argyle, Lorn, and the Iles, being of Norwegian extract, had kept up the navy introduced by the Norwegians. Tho' the kings of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, had all their fleets, it cannot be discovered that the kings of Scotland ever had any.

And

And till the gud Lord of Dowglas,
Quham in herbryd all worship was,
He taucht the archerys euirilkane.

And this gud Lord with hym has tane
Schyr ALYSANDER FRASER the wycht; 45

And WYLLYAM Wyseman, a gud knyght;
And with thaim syne Schyr ANDROW GRAY;

Thir with thair mengye held thair way,
And clamb the hill deliuerly.

And, or thai off the tothyr party 50
Persawyt thaim, thai had ilkane

The hycyth abowyne thair fayis tane.

The KING and hys men held thair way:
And quhen intill the pass war thai
Entryt, the folk of *Lorne* in hy 55
Apon the KING raysyt the cry.
And schot, and tumblyt on hym stany,
Ryght gret and hewy for the nanys.

Bot thai scaith not gretly the KING.
For he had thar in hys leding 60
Men, that lycht and deliuer war,
And lycht armours had on thaim thar;
Swa that thai stoutly clamb the hill:
And lettyt thair fayis to fulfill
The maist pairt off thair felny. 65
And als, apon the tothyr party,
Come JAMES off Dowglas, and hys rout,
And schot apon thaim with a schout.

And

And woundyt thaim with arows fast ;
 And with thair fuerdys, at the last,
 Thai ruschyt amang thaim hardely.
 For thai off *Lorne*, full manlely,
 Gret and a pert defens gan ma.
 Bot quhen thai saw that thai war swa
 Assailyt apon twa partyſs ;
 And faw weill that thair ennymys
 Had all the fayrer off the fycht ;
 In full gret hy thai tuk thair flycht.

And thai a feloune chaff gan ma ;
 And flew all that thai mycht ourta.
 And thai that mycht eschap, but delay,
 Rycht till ane watyr held thair way,
 That ran doun be the hillys syd.
 It was fa flyth, and depe, and wyd,
 That men in na place mycht it pafs,
 Bot at ane brig that beneath thaim was.
 To that brig held thai straucht thair way,
 And to brek it fast gan assay.
 Bot thei that chaffyt, quhen thai saw
 Mak thar a rest, bot drede or aw,
 Thai ruschyt apon thaim hardely,
 And discomfyt thaim uteiry.
 And held the brig haill quhill the KING,
 With all the folk off hys leding,

Ver. 73. That is ' began to make a great and brisk de-
 ' fence.'

Paslyt

Passyt the brig all at thair ese. 95
 To IHONE off LORN it fuld displese,
 I trow, quhen he hys men mycht se,
 Owte off hys schyppys fra the se,
 Be slayn and chaffyt in the hill,
 That he mycht set na help thartill. 100
 Bot it angrys als gretumly,
 To gud harts that ar worthy,
 To se thair fayis fulfill thair will,
 As to thaimselff to thole the ill.

At sik myscheyff war thai off *Lorn*. 105
 For fele the lyvys thar has lorne ;
 And othyr sum war fled thair way.
 The KING in hy gert sefe the pray
 Off all the land : quhar men mycht se
 Sa gret habundance cum off se, 110
 That it war wondre to behawld.
 The KING, that stoute wes, stark, and bauld,
 Till *Dunstaffynch* rycht sturdely
 A fege set ; and besly
 Assailyt the castell it to get. 115
 And, in schort tyme, he has thaim set
 In swilk thrang, that tharin war than,
 That magre thaimis he it wan.
 And ane gud wardane tharin set,
 And betaucht hym bath men, and met, 120

Ver. 113. Dunstaffnage on the western shore of Lorn, a
 strong castle, and the residence of the chief. See a description
 and view of it in Mr. Pennant's Tour.

Swa

Swa that he lang tyme thar mycht be,
Magre thaim all off that countré.

Schyr ALYSANDER off ARGHILE, that saw
The KING destroy up clene and law
Hys land ; send treyters to the KING ; 125
And come hys man bot mar duelling.
And he refawyt hym till hys pefs.
Bot IHONE off LORNE hys son, that wes
Rebelland, as he wes wont to be,
And fled with schippys on the se. 130

Bot thai, that left apon the land,
War to the KING all obeysand ;
And he thair hostage all has tane ;
And toward *Perth* agayne is gane,
To play hym thar into the playne. 135
Yeyt *Lothyane* wes hym agayne.
And at *Lythkow* was than a pele,
Mekill, and stark, and stuffyt wele

With

Ver. 125. *Treyters* are ‘messengers to treat.’

Ver. 137. The Annalist of Scotland dates the taking of Linlithgow fort in 1311. There is therefore a vacancy of two years in this part of the poem, from 1308 to 1311. A peace between England and Scotland was negotiating in 1308, 1309, by the mediation of France. Nor was any thing war-like performed till 1310, for the brief siege of Rutherglen is very dubious : (Annals, ii. 30). But in 1310 Edward II. made a fruitless and inglorious expedition as far as Renfrew : and a famine then raged in Scotland. In 1311 Bruce re-sumed

With *Inglismen*; and was resett
To thaim that, with armurs or met,
Fra *Edynburgh* wald to *Strewelyn* ga.
And fra *Strewelyng* agayne alsua
Intill the cuntré did gret ill.

140

Now may ye her, giff that ye will,
Entremellys, and juperdys,
That men assayit mony wys,
Castells and peylls for to ta.

145

And this *Lithquhow* wes ane off tha:
And I fall tell yow quhow it wes tane.

In the cuntré thar wenyt ane
That husband was, and with hys fe
Offtysys hay to the peile led he.

150

WILYAME BUNNOCK to name he had.

He saw sa hard the cuntré stad,
Throw the gret force that it wes then
Gouernyt, and led with *Inglis men* ;
Thai trawaillyt men outour mesure.

155

He wes a stout carle and a sture ;
And off hymselff dour, and hardy ;
And had freynds wonnand hym by.
And schawyt to sum hys priueté ;
And apon hys conwyne gat he
Men that mycht ane enbuschement ma,
Quhill that he with hys wayn fuld ga

160

sumed his operations. We may regret that Barbour has omitted two great incidents, the expedition of Edward II. and the famine.

Ver. 151. A *husband* is a farmer, *villicus*.
VOL. II. F To

To lede thaim hay into the pele. 165
 Bot hys wayne suld be stuffyt wele :
 For aucht men, in the body
 Off hys wayne, suld sit priuely,
 And with hay helyt be about.
 And hymselff, that wes dour and stout, 170
 Suld by the wayne gang ydilly ;
 And ane yuman, wycht and hardy,
 Befor suld dryve the wayne ; and ber
 Ane hachat, that war ssharp to scher,
 Undre hys belt : and quhen the yat 175
 War opynnyt ; and thai war tharat,
 And he hard hym cry sturdely
 “ Call all ! Call all ! ” than hastedly
 He suld stryk with the ax in twa
 The soyme ; and than in hy suld tha, 180
 That war within the wayne, cum out,
 And mak debat, quhill that thair rout
 That suld ner by enbuschyt be,
 Cum for to manteyne the melle.

This wes intill the herwyſt tyd, 185
 Quhen felds, that ar fayr and wyd,
 Chargyt with corne all fully war ;
 For syndry cornys that thai bar
 Wox ryp to wyn, to mannys fud :
 That the treys all chargyt stud 190
 With fer fruts, on syndry wyſſ.
 In this fuete tyme, that I dewyſſ,

Ver. 180. *Soyme*, a rope used in drawing carriages.

Thai

Thai off the pele had wonnyn hay,
 And with this BUNNOK spokyn had thai,
 To lede thair hay, for he wes ner ; 195
 And he assentyt but daunger.
 And said that, in the mornyng
 Weill sone, a fothyr he fuld bryng,
 Fayrar, and gretar, and weill mor,
 Than he brought ony that yer befor. 200
 And held thaim cunnand sekyrly.
 For that nycht warnyt he priuely
 Thaim that in the wayne fuld ga,
 And that in the buschment fuld be alsua.

And thai sa graithly sped thaim thar, 205
 That or day thai enbuschyt war,
 Weill ner the pele ; quhar thai mycht her
 The cry, als sone as ony wer.
 And held thaim sua still, but sterling,
 That nane off thaim had persawing. 210

And this BUNNOK fast gan hym payne
 To dress hys menye in hys wayne ;
 And all, a quhile befor the day,
 He had thaim helyt weile with hay.
 And made hym to yok hys fe, 215
 Till men the sun schynand mycht fe.
 And sum that war within the pele
 War ischyt on thair awne unsele,
 To wyn the herwyst ner tharby.
 Than BONNOK with the cumpany, 220
 F 2 That

That in hys wayne closyt he had,
Went on hys way, but mar debaid,
And callyt hys men toward the pele.
And the portar, that saw hym wele
Cum ner the yat, it opnyt sone.

225

And than BONNOK, forowtyn hone,
Gert call the wayne deliuerly.

And quhen it wes set ewynly
Betwix the cheks off the yat,

Swa that men mycht it spar na gat,
He cryt, "Theyff! Call all! Call all!"

230

And he than lete the gad wand fall;
And hewyt in twa the soyme in hy.

BONNOK with that deliuerly

Roucht till the portar sic a rout,

235

That blud and harnys bath come out.

And thai, that war within the wayne,

Lap out belyff; and sone has slayne

Men off the castell, that war by.

Than in a quhile begouth to cry;

240

And thai that ner enbuschyt war

Lap out, and come with fuerds bar,

And tuk the castell all but payn:

And has thaim that tharin was slayn.

And thai that war went furth beforne,

245

Quhen thai the castell saw forlorn,

Thai fled to warand to and fra;

And sum till *Edinburgh* gan ga;

And till *Strewilline* ar othyr gane;

And sum intill the gat war slayne.

250

BUNNOK

BUNNOCK on this wyfs, with hys wayne,
 The pele tuk, and the men has slayne.
 Syne taucht it till the KING in hy,
 That hym rewardyt worthely ;
 And gert dryve it doun to the ground.
 And syne our all the land gan found,
 Settand in pess all the cuntré,
 That at hys obeysance wald be.

255

And quhen a litill tyme wes went,
 Eftre THOMAS RANDALL he sent ;
 And sa weill with hym tretyt he,
 That he hys man hecht for to be.
 And the KING hys ire hym forgave :
 And for to hey hys state hym gave
Murreff, and Erle tharoff hym maid.
 And othyr syndry lands braid
 He gave hym intill heretage.
 He knew hys worthy wasselage,
 And hys gret wycht, and hys awys,
 Hys traift hart, and hys lele seruice.
 Tharfor in hym affayit he,
 And ryche maid hym off lands and fe.
 As it wer certs rycht worthy,
 And off sa fowerane gret bounté,
 That mekill off hym may spokyn be.

260

265

270

275

Ver. 256. To *found* is to go, to travel.

Ver. 266. The charter, which is curious, is published by Home, Lord Kaims, in his *Essays on British Antiquities*, and in Shaw's *History of Moray*. It has no date.

And for I think off hym to rede,
 And to schaw part off hys gud dede,
 I will discryve now hys fassoun,
 And part off hys conditioun.

He was off mesurabill statur,
 And weile porturat at mesur ;
 With braid wesage, plesand and fayr,
 Curtaiss at poynt, and debonayr ;
 And off ryght sekylr contenyng ;
 Lawté he lowyt atour all thing.

Falset, tresoun, and felony,
 He stud agayne ay entrely.
 He heyit honour ay, and larges,
 And ay mantenynt rychtwysnes.

In company solacious
 He was ; and tharwith amorous.
 And gud knyghts he luffyt ay.
 And, giff I the suth fall say,
 He was fulfilyt off bounté,
 Als off wertuys all maid was he.

I will commend hym her na mar :
 Bot ye fall her wele forthyrmar,
 That he, for hys deds worthy,
 Suld weill be prysyt souerandly.

280

285

290

295

Quhen the KING thus was with hym saucht,
 And gret lordschippis had hym betaucht, 301
 He woux fa wyſs, and fa awisé,
 That hys land syrſt weill stablyſt he.

And

And syne he sped hym to the wer,
To help hys eyme in hys myster.
And with the assent off the KING,
Bot with a symple aparaling,
Till *Edinburgh* he went in hy,
With gud men intill cumpany,
And set a sege to the castell ;
That than was warnyst wondre weill
With men and wictallis, at all rycht,
Sa that it dred na mannys fycht.

305

310

Bot this gud Erle not forthy
The sege tuk full apertly.
And pressyt the folk that tharin was
Swa, that not ane the yet durst pass.
Thai may abid tharin, and ete
Thair wictaill, quhile thai oucht may get ;
Bot I trow thai fall lettyt be
To purchess mar in the cuntré.

315

320

That tyme EDUARD of *England* king
Had gewyn that castell in keping
Till Schyr PERYS LOMBERT of *Gafcone*.
And quhen thai off hys garyfone
Saw the sege set thar sa ftythly,
Thai myftrow hym off tratoury,
For that he spokyn had with the KING.
And for that ilk mistrowing

325

Ver. 308. 1312.

Ver. 324. Leland, Collect. ii. 546, calls him Piers *Leland*,
perhaps from nominal affection.

Thai tuk hym, and put hym in presoun, 330
 And off thair awyn natioun
 Thai maid a constabill, thaim to lede,
 Bath wyss, and war, and wycht of dede.
 And he set wyt, and strenth, and flycht,
 To kepe the castell at hys mycht. 335

Bot now off thaim I will be still ;
 And spek a litill quhill I will
 Off the douchty lord off *Dowglas*,
 At that tyme in the Forest was.
 Quhar he mony a juperty, 340
 And fayr poynts off chewalry,
 Serwyt as weill be nycht as day,
 Till thaim that in hys castells lay,
 Till *Roxburch* and *Fedwort* ; bot I
 Will lat fele off thaim pass for by ; 345
 For I can noucht rehers thaim all.
 And thought I couth, weill trow ye fall,
 That I mycht not suffyce tharto,
 Thar fuld sa mekill be ado.
 Bot thai, that I wate wyttrely, 350
 Eftre my wytt rehers will I.

This tyme that the gud Erle *THOMAS*
Aslegyt, as the lettre sayis,

Ver. 339. 1312.

Ver. 353. 'As the lettre fays,' only implies, as in this
 book has been said before.

Edinburgh,

Edinburgb, JAMES off DOWGLAS

Set all hys wyt for to purchas 355

How *Roxburch*, throw futelté

Or ony craft, mycht wonnyn be.

Till he gert *SYME* off the *LEIDHOUSS*,

A crafty man and a curioufs,

Off hempyn rapis leddres ma, 360

With irne steppis bundyn swa,

That brek wald not on na kyn wifs.

A cruk thai maid at thair deuiss

Off irne, that wes styth and squar,

That fra it in ane kyrneill war, 365

And the leddre tharfra straitly

Strekylt, it fuld stand sekyrly.

This gud Lord off *DOWGLAS*, alsone

As this deuifit wes and done,

Gadryt gud men in priueté, 370

Thre scor, I trow, thai mycht be.

And on the Fastryngs-ewyn rycht,

In the beginning off the nycht,

To the castell thai tuk thair way.

With blak frogs helyt war thai, 375

The armours that thai on thaim had.

Thai come ner by thair, but abad,

Ver. 365. A kernil is one of the low interstices of wall on the battlements.

Ver. 372. Fastryngs-even is the eve of Lent. 6 March 1313.

Ver. 375. A frog, now spelt *frock*, is an upper-coat.

And

And send haly thair hors tharfra.
 And thai on rawnge, in an route gan ga
 On hands and fete, quhen thai war ner, 380
 Rycht as thai ky or oxin wer,
 That war wont to be bondyn left tharout ;
 It was rycht myrk withoutyn dout.
 The quheyn ane, on the wall that lay,
 Besid hym till hys fere gan say, 385
 " This man thinks to mak gud cher,"
 (And nemyt ane husband tharby ner)
 " That has left all hys oxin owt."
 The tothyr said, ' It is na dout
 ' He fall mak mery to nycht, thocht thai 390
 ' Be with the DOWGLAS led away.'
 Thai wend the DOWGLAS and hys men
 Had bene oxyn ; for thai yeid then
 On hands and fete, ay ane and ane.
 The DOWGLAS rycht gud tent has tane
 To thair spek : bot alsone thai 395
 Held carpand inward thair way.

DOWGLAS' men tharoff war blyth.
 And to the wall thai sped thaim swyth :
 And sone has up thair leddres set, 400
 That maid a clap quhen thai cruchet
 Wes fixit fast in the kyrneill.
 That herd ane off the wachis weill ;
 And buskyt thyddirwart, but baid.
 Bot LEDDEHOUSE, that the leddre maid, 405
 Sped

Sped hym to clymb fyrst to the wall :
 Bot or he wes up gottyn all,
 He at that ward had in keping,
 Met hym ryght at the upcumming.

And for he thought to ding hym doun,
 He maid na noyis, na cry, na soun,
 Bot schot to hym deliuerly.

And he that was in jupperty
 To de, a launce he till hym maid,
 And gat hym be the nek but baid ;

410

And stekyt hym upward with a knyff ;
 Quhill in hys hand he left the lyff.

415

And quhen he ded swa saw hym ly,
 Upon the wall he went in hy,
 And doun the body keft thaim till ;

420

And said, " All gangs as we will.
 " Spede yow upwards deliuerly."

And thai did swa, in full gret hy.
 Bot, or thai wan up, thar come ane,
 And saw LEDHOUSS stand hym allane,

425

And knew he was not off thair men.

In hy he rushyt till hym then ;
 And hym assaylit sturdely,
 Bot he flew hym deliuerly ;
 For he wes armyt, and wes wycht ;

430

The tothyr nakit wes, Ik hycht,
 And had noucht for to stynt the strak.

Sic mellé thairup gan he mak,
 Quhill DowGLAS, and hys mengye all,
 War cummyn up apon the wall.

435

Then

Then in the tour thai went in hy :
 The folk wes that tyme halyly
 Intill the hall, at thair daunsing,
 Synging, and other wayis playing ;
 As apon Faftyryngs-ewyn is
 The custume to mak joy and blys,
 Till folk that ar into pousté ;
 Swa trowyt thai that tyme to be.

440

Bot, or thai wylt, ryght in the hall
 DOWGLAS, and hys route, cummyn war all. 445
 And cryt on hycyt, DOWGLAS ! DOWGLAS !
 And thai, that ma war than he was,
 Hard DOUGLAS ! cryt hydwysly ;
 Thai war abayfit for the cry ;
 And schuip ryght na defens to ma. 450
 And thai but pité gan thaim fla,
 Till thai had gottyn the ourhand.
 The tothyr fled to sek warand.
 That out off mesur ded gan dreid.
 The wardane saw how that it yeid 455
 That callyt was GILMYN DE FYNYS ;
 In the gret toure he gottyn is,
 And othyrs off hys cumpany,
 And sparryt the entré hastely,
 The lave, that lewyt war without, 460
 War tane, or slayn, thar is na dout,

450

455

460

Ver. 456. Gillemuin de Fiennes. Annals, ii. 37.

Bot

Bot giff that any lap the wall.
 The DOWGLAS that nycht held the hall,
 Allthoch hys fayis tharoff wer wa.

Hys men was gangand to and fra, 465
 Throw out the castell all that nycht.

Till on the morne, that day wes lycht,
 The wardane, that wis in the tour,
 That was a man off gret walour,

GILMYN THE FYNYS, quhen he saw 470
 The castell tint, be cleue and law,
 He set hys mycht for to defend

The tour ; but thai without hym send
 Arowyis in sa gret quantité,
 That anoyit tharoff wes he. 475

Bot till the tothyr day not forthy
 He held the tour full sturdely.

And then at ane assalt he was
 Woundyt sa felly in the face,
 That he wes dredand off hys lyff ; 480
 Tharfor he tretyt thar beliff ;
 And yauld the tour on sic maner,
 That he, and all that with hym wer,
 Suld saufly pass in *Ingland*.

DOWGLAS held thaim gud conand, 485
 And cowoid thaim to thair cuntré.
 Bot thar full schort tyme levyt he :
 For throw the wound intill the face,
 He deyt sone, and beryit was.

DOWGLAS

DOWGLAS the castell sesyt all, 490
 That than was clofyt with stalwart wall ;
 And send this LEIDHOUSS till the KING,
 That maid hym full gud rewarding.
 And hys brothyr in full gret hy,
 Schyr EDUARD, that wes fa douchty, 495
 He send thyddyr to tumble it doun,
 Bath tour, and castell, and dungeoun.
 And he come with gret cumpany,
 And gert trawaill fa besly,
 That tour and wall, rycht to the ground, 500
 War tumblyt in a litill stound.
 And duelt thar quhill all *Tewidale*
 Come to the KINGs pess, all haile,
 Owtane *Jedwort*, and othyer that ner
 The *Inglis mennys* bounds wer. 505

Quhen *Roxburgh* wonyn was on this wyfs,
 The Erle THOMAS, that hey empriss
 Set ay on souerane hey bounté,
 At *Edynburgh* with hys mengye
 Was liand at a sege, as I 510
 Tauld you befor all opynly.
 Bot fra he hard how *Roxburgh* was
 Tane with a trayne, all hys purchas,
 And wyt, and besynes, Ik hycht,
 He set for to purches sum flycht, 515
 How he mycht help hym, throw body
 Mellyt with hey chewalry,

To

To wyn the wall off the castell
 Throw sum kyn flycht. For he wylt weill
 That na strenth mycht it plainly get, 520
 Quhill thai within had men and met.

495 Tharfor priuely speryt he
 Giff ony man mycht fundyn be,
 That couth fynd any juperty
 To clymb the wallis priuely : 525
 And he suld have hys warysoun.
 500 For it wes hys ententioun
 To put hym till all awentur,
 Or that a fege on hym mysfur.

505 Than wes thar ane WILYAME FRANCUSS, 530
 Wycht, and apert, wyls, and curyuss,
 That intill hys youthheid had bene
 In the castell ; quhen he has sene
 The Erle sua enkerly hym set
 Sum sutelté, or wile, to get, 535
 Quhar throw the castell have mycht he,
 He come to hym in priueté ;
 And said, " Methink ye wald blythly
 " That men fand yow sum juparty,
 " How ye mycht our the wallis wyn : 540
 " And certs giff ye will begyn
 " For till assay on sic awys,
 " Ik undirtak, for my seruice,
 " To ken yow to clymb to the wall ;
 " And I fall formast be off all ; 545
 To " Quhar

" Quhar with a schort leddre may we,
 " I trow off twelf fute it may be,
 " Clym to the wall up all quyty.
 " And giff that ye will wyt how I
 " Wate this, I fall yow blythly say. 550
 " Quhen I was young this hendre day,
 " My fadyr wes keper off yone houſs,
 " And I wes sum deill walgeous,
 " And lovyt a wench her in the toun.
 " And for I, bot suspiciooun, 555
 " Mycht repayr till hyr priuely,
 " Off rapys a leddre to me mad I :
 " And tharwith our the wall I flaid.
 " A strayt roid, that I speryt had,
 " Intill the crage, syne doun I went ; 560
 " And offtysys come till myn intent.
 " And quhen it ner drew to the day,
 " I held agayne that ilk way :
 " And ay come in but persawing.
 " Ik usyt lang that trawailling ; 565
 " Sa that I can that roid ga rycht,
 " Thoucht men se newyr fa myrk the nycht ;
 " And giff ye think ye will assay
 " To pass up eftre me that way ;
 " Up to the wall I fall yow bring, 570
 " Giff God us sawys fra persawing
 " Off thaim, that wachys on the wall.
 " And giff that us fwa fayr may fall,
 " That we owr leddres up may set,
 " Giff a man on the wall may get, 575
 " He

“ He fall defend, and it be ned,
 “ Quhill the remanand up thaim sped.”

The Erle wes blyth off hys carping,
 And hycht hym fayr rewarding ;
 And undretuk that gat to ga.
 And bad hym sone hys leddre ma,
 And hald hym priué quhill thai mycht
 Set for thair purpose on a nycht.

580

Sone eftre was the leddre maid ;
 And then the Erle, but mar abaid,
 Puruayt hym a nycht preuely,
 With threty men, wycht and hardy ;
 And in a myrk nycht held thair way
 That put thaim till full hard assay ;
 And to gret perill sekyrly.
 I trow, mycht thai haiff sene clerly,
 That gat had not bene undretane,
 Thouch thai to let thaim had not ane.
 For the crag wes hey, and hidwouss,
 And the clymbing rycht parallous :
 For hapnyt ony to slid and fall,
 He fuld sone be to fruschyt all.

585

590

595

The nycht wes myrk, as Ik hard say,
 And to the fute sone cummyn ar thai
 Off the crag ; that wes hey and schor.
 Than **WILYAM FRANSOYS** thaim befor

600

Clamb in crykes forouth ay ;
 And at the bak hym followyit thai,
 With mekill Payne ; quhile to quhile fra,
 Thai clamb into the crykys swa,
 Quhile halff the craig thai clumbyn had,
 And thar a place thai fand sa brad,
 That thai mycht fit on anerly.
 And thai war handles and wery :
 And thair abad thair aynd to ta.
 And rycht as thai war sittand swa,
 Rycht aboune thaim, up apon the wall,
 The chak-wachys assembly all.
 Now help thaim God, that all thing mai !
 For in full gret perill ar thai ;
 For mycht thai se thaim thar, fuld nane
 Eschape out off that place unflane :
 To dede with stanys thai fuld thaim ding,
 That thai mycht help thaimselwyn nathing.

Bot wondre myrk wes the nycht,
 Swa that thai off thaim had na sycht.
 And not forthy yeit wes thar ane
 Off thaim, that swappyt doun a stane,
 And said, " Away ! I see yow weille."
 The quheyr he saw thaim not a deile.
 Owt our thair heds flaw the stane ;
 And thai sat still lurkand ilkane.

The wachys, quhen thai herd noucht ster,
 Fra that ward samyn all paffyt er,

And

605

610

615

620

625

And carpand held fer by thar way. 630
 The Erle THOMAS, alsone and thai
 That on the crag thar sat hym by,
 Towart the wall clamb hastily,
 And thyddyr cam, with meikle mayn,
 And not but gret perill and payn. 635
 For fra thyne up wes grewouer
 To clymb up, ne beneth befer.

605
 Bot quhat kyn payn sua euir thai had,
 Rycht to the wall thai come but bad,
 That had weill ner twelf fute off hycyt. 640
 And, forowt perfawing or fycyt,
 Thai set thair leddres to the wall.
 And syne FRANSOYS, befor thaim all,
 Clamb up; and syne Schyr ANDROW GRAY;
 And syne the Erle hymself, perfay, 645
 Wes the thrid, that the wall gan ta.
 Quhen thai thar doune thair Lord swa
 Saw clymbyne up apon the wall,
 As woud men thai clamb eftre all.

615
 Bot or all up clumbyn war thai, 650
 Thai that war wachys till assay,
 Hard stering, and priué speking,
 And alswa fraying off armyng.
 And on thaim schot full sturdely;
 And thai met thaim rycht hardely; 655
 And flew off thaim dispiteously.
 Than throw the castell raisis the cry,

“ Tresoun ! Tresoun ! ” thai cryt fast.
 Than sum off tham war swa agaist,
 That thai fled, and lap our the wall.
 Bot to say suth, thai fled not all.

660

For the constabill, that wes hardy,
 All armyt schot furth to the cry ;
 And with hym fele hardy and stout.
 Yeyt wes the Erle, with hys rout,
 Fechtand with thaim apon the wall ;
 Bot sone he discomfyt thaim all.
 Be that hys men war cummyn ilk ane
 Up to the wall, and he has tane
 Hys way doun to the castell sone.
 In gret perill he hes hym doyn,
 For thai war fer ma men tharin,
 (And thai had bene off gud cowyne)
 Than he ; bot thai effrayit war.
 And not for this, with wapnys bar,
 The constabill, and hys cumpany,
 Met hym and hys, rycht hardely.

665

670

675

Thar mycht men se gret bargane rifs :
 For with wapnys off mony wiss
 Thai dang on othyr, at thair mycht,
 Quhill swerds that war fayr and brycht
 War till the hilts all bludy.
 Than hidwyfly begouth the cry :
 For thai that fellyt, or stekyt, war,
 Hidwyfly gan cry and rar.

680

685

The

The gud Erle, and hys company,
Faucht in that fycht sa sturdyly,
That all thair fayis ruschyt war,
The constabill wes flane rycht thar.

And fra he fell the remanand

690

Fled, quhar thai best mycht, to warand.
Thai durst not bid to ma debate.

The Erle was handlyt thar sa hat,
That had it not hapnyt throw cas,
That the constabill thar flayn than was,
He had bene in gret perell thar.

Bot quhen thai fled thar was na mar ;
Bot ilk man, to sauff hys lyff,
Fled furth hys dayis for to dryve.

And sum flaid doun out our the wall.

700

The Erle has tane the castell all ;
For thar wes nane durft hym withstand.
I hard newyr quhar, in na kin land,
Wes castell tane sa hardely,

Owtakyn *Treile* anerly,
Quhen ALEXANDER the cunquerour,
That conqueryt *Babilonys* tour,
Lap on bar forfs fra the wall ;
Quhar he amang hys fayis all,

705

Ver. 701. Edinburgh castle was taken 14th March 1313.
Fordun xii. 19.

Ver. 705. Editions read *Tyre*, absurdly. It was in a town of the Oxydracæ that Alexander incurred this danger. Arrian. lib. vi. p. 394, ed. Blancardi. But the name is unknown, and Barbour's authority escapes me.

G 3

Defendyt

Defendyt hym full douchtely,
 Quhill hys nobill chewalry,
 With leddres our the wall yeid,
 That nothyr left for dede na dreid.
 For fra thai wyft weill that the king
 Wes in the toun, thar was nathing
 Intill that tyme that stynt thaim moucht,
 For all perill thai set at noucht.

Thai clamb the wall ; and ARISTE'
 Come fyſt to the gud king, quhar he
 Defendyt hym, with all hys mycht ;
 That then fa hard wes set, Ik hycht,
 That he wes fellyt on a kne ;
 He till hys bak had set a tre,
 For dred thai fuld behind affaile.

ARISTE' then to the bataille
 Sped hym in hy, all sturdely,
 And dang on thaim fa douchtely,
 That the king weille reskewit was.
 For hys men, into syndry plas,
 Clamb our the wall and soucht the king,
 And hym reskewyt with hard fechting ;
 And wanne the toun deliverly.
 Owtane this taking enerly,
 I herd neuir, in na tyme gane,
 Quhar castell was fa stoutly tane.

And off this taking that I mene
 Saint MARGARET, the gud haly quene,

Ver. 737. Margaret, the queen of Malcom III. a woman
 worth Wyft

10 Wyft in hyr tyme, throw reweling
Off hym that knaws and wate all thing.

715 Tharfor, insted of prophecy,
Sche left taknyng rycht joly,
That is yeit intill hyr chapele.
Sche gert weill portray a castell,
A leddre up to the wall standand,
And a man up tharapon clymband.

720 And a wrote oucht hym, as auld men fayis,
In *Frankis, Gardys vouys de Franfais.*

725 And for this word sche gert wryt fwa,
Men wend the *Frankis men* fuld it ta.
Bot for FRAWNSOUS hattyn wes he,

730 That fwa clamb up in priueté,
Sche wrat that, as in prophecy :
And it fell eftrewart sothly
Rycht as she said ; for tane it was,
And FRANSOYS led thaim up that pass.

740

745

750

755

735 On this wyfs *Edinburgh* was tane ;
And thai that war tharin ilkane
Othy tane, or flane, or lap the wall.
Thair guds haiff thai lefyt all ;

740 worth a thousand saints. See the life of her, by her confessor, in the *Vitæ Antiquæ Sanctorum Scotiæ*, Londini, 1789, 8vo.

745 Ver. 746. Editions read :

And wrote on him, as old men fayes.

750 We should surely read ' *owr* him,' over him, above him.

And souch the houſſe euirilkane. 760
 Schyr PERS LUMBART that was tane,
 As I said er befor, thai fand
 In boyis, and hard festnyng sittand.
 Thai brought hym to the Erle in hy,
 And he gert louſſe hym haſtely; 765
 Then he become the KING's man.
 Thai ſend word to the KING rycht than,
 And tauld how the caſtell wes tane.
 And he in hy is thyddar gane;
 With mony ane in cumpany, 770
 And gert myne douſſe all halyly,
 Bath tour and wall rycht to the grond.
 And ſyne our all the land gan fond,
 Sesand the cuntré till hys pess.
 Off this deid, that fa worthy wes, 775
 The Erle was prefyt gretumly.
 The KING that ſaw hym fa worthy,
 Was blyth, and joyfull our the lave,
 And to mantayne hys ſtat he gave
 Rents and lands, fayr inewch. 780
 And he to fa gret worſhip dreuch,
 That all ſpak off hys gret bounté.
 Hys fayis gretly ſtonayit he;
 For he fled neuir for force off fycht.
 Quhat fall I mar ſay off hys mycht? 785
 Hys gret manheid, and hys bounté,
 Gerrs hym yeit renownyt be.

In

In this tyme, that thir jupertyss
 Off thir castells, that I dewiss,
 War eschewyt sa hardly,
 Schyr EDUARD the BRUCE, the hardy,
 Had all *Galloway* and *Nidysdale*
 Wynnyn till hys liking all haile.
 And dingyn doun the castells all
 Rycht in the dyk, bath tour and wall.

790

795

He hard than say, and knew it weile,
 That in *Ruglyn* wes a pele.

Thyddir he went, with hys menye,
 And wonnyn it in schort tyme has he.

Syne to *Dundé* he tuk the way, 800

That then wes halden, as I herd say,

Agayne the KING. Tharfor in hy

He set a sege tharto stoutly;

And lay thar quhill it yolden was.

To *Strewillyne* syne the way he taes; 805

Quhar gud Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,

That was sa douchty at assay,

Was wardane; and had in keping

That castell, off the *Inglis* king.

Thartill a sege thai set flythly: 810

Thai bekkyryt offtysss sturdely;

Bot gret chewalry done wes nane.

Schyr EDUARD, fra the sege wes tane,

Ver. 788. 1312, 1313.

A weill

A weill lang tyme about it lay,
Fra the Lentryne, that is to say, 815
Quhill forouth the Saint Ihonys mess ;
The *Inglis* folk, that tharin wes,
Begouth to failye wictaill be than.
Than Schyr PHILIP, that douchty man,
Tretyt quhill thai consentyt war, 820
That giff at Midsomer, the neist yer
To cum, it war not with bataill
Reskewyt ; than that, forowtyn fail,
He fuld the castell yauld quytly.
That command band thai fekyrly. 825

Ver. 815, 816. From Lent 1313 to 24th June.

THE END OF BUCE X.

815

820

825

THE
B R U C E.

B U K E XI.

ARGUMENT.

*Thilk, and the twa folowand bukes, contein the Kyng
of England's array again Scotland, and the battel
of Bannocburn. EDWARD II. assemblis ane gret
host, dividit intil ten battels, of ten thousand men
ilkane—marchis till Edenborrow.—King ROBERT
sumounis his armie of thritty thusand, and ma,
and dividis tham into four battels—his stratageme
—he orders the sma folk, carriage, and vittail, fra
him.—The Inglis advaunce to Falkirk.—The Erle
of MUREF, with fyve hundred men, assalis eight
hundred.*

T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E XI.

AND quhen this cunand thus was maid,
 Schyr PHILIP intill *Ingland* raid ;
 And tauld the King all hale his tale,
 How he a twelf moneth all hale
 Had, (as it wryttin wes in their tailé),
 To reskew *Strewillyne* with bataillé. 5

And quhen he hard Schyr PHILIP say
 That *Scots* men had set a day
 To fycht ; and that sic space he had
 To purway him ; he wes rycht glaid. 10
 And said, it wes gret sukudry
 That set thaim apon sic foly.
 For he thocht to be, or that day,
 Sa purwayit, and in sic aray,
 That thar fuld nane strenth hym withstand. 15
 And quhen the lords off *Ingland*
 Herd that this day wes set planly,
 Thai jugyt it all for to failly,

Ver. 5. *Tailé* is covenant, agreement.

And

And thought to haiff all thair liking,
Giff men abaid thaim in fechting.

20

Bot oft faillys the fulis thought :
And yheit wysmennys ay cummrys nocht
To sik end, as thai weine, alwayis.
A litill stane oft, as men sayis,
May ger weltyr a mekill wayne.
Na mannys mycht may stand agayne
The grace of God, that all thing sters.
He wate quhat till all thing affers ;
And disponys at hys liking
Off hys ordynance all thing.

25

30

Quhen Schyr EDUWARD, as I yow say,
Had gevyn fwa owtrageoufs a day
To yeld, or reskew, *Strewillyne*,
Rycht to the KING he went hym syne.
And tauld quhat tretyis he had mad ;
And quhat day he thaim gevyn had.
The KING said, quen he hard the day,
“ It wes unwisely doyn perfay !
“ Ik herd neuir quhar sa lang warnyng
“ Wes gevyn to sa mychty a King,
“ As is the King off *Ingland*.
“ For he has now intill hand
“ *Ingland*, *Ireland*, and *Walis* alsua,
“ And *Aquitangue* yheit, with all tha ;
“ And off *Scotland* yeit a party
“ Dwells undre hys senyowry.

35

40

45

“ And

“ And off tresour sa stuffyt is he,
 “ That he may wageours haiff plenté.
 “ And we ar quhoyne, agayne sa fele.
 “ God may rycht weill owr werdys dele ! 50
 “ Bot we ar set in juperty,
 “ To tyne, or wyn, than hastily.”

Schyr EDUWARD said, ‘ Sa God me rede !
 ‘ Thoch he, and all that he may lede,
 ‘ Cum ; we fall fecht all, war thai ma.’ 55
 Quhen the KING hard hys brodyr say swa
 Spek to the bataill sa hardely,
 He presyt hym in hys hart gretumly.
 And said, “ Brodyr, sen swa is gane,
 “ That this thing thus is undretane,
 “ Schap we us tharfor manlye ; 60
 “ And all that luffs us tendrely,
 “ And the fredome off this cuntré,
 “ Purway thaim at that tyme to be
 “ Boune, with all the mycht that euir thai may.
 “ Swa giff that our fayis assay 66
 “ To reskew *Strewilline*, throw bataill,
 “ That we off purpos ger thaim fail.”

To thys thai all assentyt ar,
 And bad thair men all mak thaim yar 70
 For to be boune, agayne that day,
 On the best wys that euir thai may.

Then

Then all, that worthy war to fycht,
 Off Scotland set all hale thair mycht,
 To purway thaim, agayne that day.
 Wappnys and armours purwayit thai ;
 And all that affers to fychting.
 And in *Ingland* the mychty King
 Purwayit hym in fa gret aray,
 That, certs hard I neuir say,
 That *Inglis men* mar aparaile
 Maid, than thai did for bataile.

75

80

85

90

95

100

For quhen the tyme wes cummyn ner,
 He assembylit all hys power.
 And, but hys awne chewalry,
 That wes fa gret it wes ferly,
 He had off mony fer cuntré
 With hym gud men off gret bounté.
 Off *Fraunce* worthy chewalry
 He had intill his cumpany ;
 The Erle off *Henaud* als was thar,
 And with hym men that worthy war ;
 Off *Gascoyne*, and off *Almany*,
 And off the worthyast off *Bretaynguy*,
 He had wycht men, and weill farand,
 Armyt clenly, bath fute and hand.
 That nane left that mycht wappnys weld,
 Or mychty war to fecht in feld.
 All *Walis* als with hym had he ;
 And off *Irland* a gret mengye ;

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Off *Pontyne, Aquitane, and Bayone,*
He had mony off gret renoune.

ANE HUNDRE THOUSAND men, and ma;

And fourty thousand war off tha

Armyt on hors, bath heid and hand.

105

And off thaim yeit war thre thousand,

With helyt hors in plate and mailye,

To mak the front off the batailye.

And fyfty-twa thousand off archers

110

He had, forowtyn hobelers.

And men of fute and smal rangale,

That yemyt harnays and wittaile,

He had sa fele, it wes ferly.

Off carts als that raid thaim by

115

Sa fele that, but all thai that bar

Harnays, and als that chargyt war

With pailyownys, and weschall withall,

And aparaile off chambyr and hall,

Ver. 103. This number seems not exaggerated. See *Annals*, ii. 41, 42. Edward summoned the whole power of his kingdom; *totum servitium nostrum*. Rymer's *Fœdera*, iii. 478. With half the number he might probably have been victorious. An army exceeding 40,000 seems, from ancient and modern history, to be only calculated for mismanagement and defeat. March, 1314.

Ver. 107. That is, horses covered with mail: a very ancient practice among the Sarmatæ, or Slavonic nations, as appears from Trajan's pillar, and other ancient monuments, collated with ancient authors: and which continued among the Gothic nations to the latest times of chivalry.

And wyne, and wax, schot, and wictaille,
Aucht schor, chargyt with pulaile.

120

Thai war fa fele quhar that thai raid,

And thair bataills war fa braid,

And swa gret rowme held thair char,

That men that mekill oft mycht se [far]

Ourtak the lands largely.

125

Men mycht se then, that had bene by,

Mony a worthy man, and wycht;

Mony ane armour gayly dycht,

And mony ane sturdy stering sted,

Arayit intill ryche wede;

130

Mony helmys, and haberownys;

And fa many a combly knycht,

That it semyt that into fycht

Thai fuld wencufs the warld all haile.

Quhy fuld I mak fa lang my taile?

135

To Berwik ar cummyn ilk ane;

And sum tharin has innys tane;

And sum logyt withoutt the townys,

In tents and in pailyownys.

And

Ver. 120. Editions read, 'ferwal.' *Poulaile* is surely poultry.

Ver. 123, 124, 125. The MS. is here corrupt. It reads:

And swa gret rowme held thair char

[A blank space left for a line]

That men that mekill oft mycht se,

Ner by quhen fa wald be,

Ourtak the lands largely.

Men mycht se then, that had bene by.

The third line is superfluous nonsense: and this corruption

is

And quhen the King hys oft has sene
Sa gret; and sa gude men, and clene;
He was ryght joyfull in hys thought.

And weill supposit that thar wes noucht
In wold a king mycht hym withstand.

Hym thought all wonnyn till hys hand;
And largly amang hys men

The land off *Scotland* delt he then.

Off othyr mennys thing larg wes he.

And thai, that war off hys mengye,
Manausyt the *Scotts men* haly

With gret words. But not forthy,
Or thai cum all to thair entent,

Howys in hale claih fall be rent.

The King, throw cunfaile off hys men,
Hys folk delt in bataills ten.

In ilkane war weile ten thousand,

That lete thai stalwartly fuld stand
In the bataill, and stythly fycht;

And leve not for thair fayis mycht.

He set leders till ilk bataile,

That knawin war off gud gouernaile.

And till renownyt Erls twa,

Off **GLOSSTER** and **HERFURD** war tha,

Thai had the waward in leding,

With mony men at thair bidding,

is easily remedied from the editions; which however for *thair*
char read, *they there*.

Ver. 153. That is, 'holes must be made in sound cloth.'

Ordanyt into full gud aray.
 Thai war sa chewalrows, that thai
 Trowyt, giff thai come to fycht,
 Thar fuld na strenth withstand thair mycht.
 And the King, quhen hys mengye wer 170
 Dewysit intill bataill fer,
 Hys awne bataill ordanyt he ;
 And quha fuld at his bridill be.
 Schyr GILIS DE ARGENTE' he sett
 Apon a halff, hys reyngye to kept ; 175
 And off WALENCE Schyr AYMER Y
 On othyr halff, that wes worthy ;
 For in thair souerane bounté
 Owtowr the lave affayit he.

Quhen the King, apon this kyn wifs, 180
 Had ordanyt, as Ik her deuiss,
 Hys bataills, and hys stering,
 He rais arly in a mornyng,
 And fra Berwik he tuk the way.
 Bath hillis and walys helyt thai, 185
 As the bataills, that war braid,
 Departyt our the felds raid.
 The son wes brycht, and schenand cler,
 And armours that burnysyt wer,
 Sa blomyt with the sonnys beme 190
 That all the land wes in a leme.

Ver. 174. Sir Giles de Argentine, a foreign warrior of great fame, but unknown extract: probably of Flanders.

Ver. 184. June, 1314.

Baners

Baners rycht fayrly flawmand,
And penseles to the wynd wawand,
Swa fele thar war off fer quentis,
That it war gret flycht to deuils.

195

And fuld I tell all thair affer,
Thair cuntenance, and the maner,
Thouch I couth, I fuld combryt be.
The King, with all that gret mengye,

200

Till *Edynburgh* he raid hym rycht.

Thai war all owt to fele to fycht
With few folk, off a symple land.
Bot quhar God helpys quhat may withstand?

The King ROBERT, quhen he hard say
That *Inglis men* in sic aray,

205

And into fwa gret quanteté,
Come in hys land; in hy gert he
Hys men be sumound generaly.
And thai come all, full wilfully,
To the *Torwood*, quhar that the KING

210

Had ordanyt to mak thair meting.

Schyr EDUARD the BRUCE, the worthy,
Come with a full gret company
Off gud men, armyt weill at rycht,
Hardy, and forsy for to fycht.

215

WALTRE STEWART off SCOTLAND syne,
That than wes bot a berdless hyne,

Ver. 193. Pensils are small penons, with which the spears
of knights were ornamented.

Come with a rout off nobill men,
 That men mycht be contynence ken.
 The gud lord off Dowglas alsua
 Brought with hym men, Ik undreta,
 That weile war usyt in fechting ;
 Thai fall the les haiff abaysing,
 Giff thaim betid in thrang to be,
 Awantage thai fall tittar se,
 For to stonay thair fayis mycht,
 Than men that usis not to fycht.
 The Erle off MURREFF with hys men,
 Arayit weille come alsua then,
 Into gud cowine for to fycht,
 And gret will for to manteyne thair mycht.
 Owtakyn thair mony barownys,
 And knychts that off gret renoune is,
 Come, with thair men, full stalwartly.
 Quhen thai war assemblyt halely,
 Off fechtand men I trow thai war
 THRETY THOUSAND, and some deill mar ;
 Forowtyn cariage, and pettaill,
 That yemyt harnayis, and wittaill.

Our all the oft then yeid the KING ;
 And beheld to thair contenyng,
 And saw thaim off full fayr affer ;
 Off hardy cuntenance thai war,
 Off liklynes the mast cowart
 Semyt full weill to do hys part.

220

225

230

235

240

245

The

The KING has sene all thair hawing,
 And knew hym weill into sic thing,
 And saw thaim all commonnaly
 Off sic cuntenance, and sa hardy,
 Forowt effray or abaysing,
 In hys hart had he gret liking. 250
 And thought that men off sa gret will,
 Giff thai wald set thair will thartill,
 Suld be full hard to wyn perfay.
 And as he met thaim in the way,
 He welcumyt thaim with glaidsum far, 255
 Spekand gud words her and thar.
 And thai that thair Lord sa mekly-
 Saw welcum thaim, and sa hamly,
 Joyful thai war : and thought that thai
 Aucht wele to put thaim till assay 260
 Off hard fechtand, or stalwart stur,
 For to maynteyne hys honour.

The worthy KING, quhen he has sene
 Hys oft assemblyt all bedene ; 265
 And saw thaim willfull to fulfill
 Hys liking, with gud hart and will ;
 And to maynteyne will thair franchis ;
 He wes reiosyt mony wifs.
 And callyt all hys cunfaile priué,
 And said thaim, " Lords, now ye se 270
 " That *Inglis men*, with mekill mycht,
 " Has all disponyt thaim for the fycht ;

H 4

" For

“ For thai yone castell wald reskew.
 “ Tharfor is gud we ordane now 275
 “ How we may let thaim off thair purpos ;
 “ And swa to thaim the wayis clos,
 “ That thai pafs not, bot gret letting.
 “ We haiff her with us at bidding
 “ Weile threty thousand men, and ma. 280
 “ Mak we four bataills off tha ;
 “ And ordane us in sic maner
 “ That when our fayis cummys ner,
 “ We to the *New Park* hald owr way.
 “ For thar behowys thaim nede a way, 285
 “ Bot giff that thai will beneuch us ga,
 “ And our the merraiss passand swa,
 “ We fall be at awantage thar.
 “ And methink that richt spedful war
 “ To gang on fute to this fechting, 290
 “ Armyt bot in litill armyng ;
 “ For schuip we us on hors to fycht,
 “ Sen our fayis ar mar off mycht,
 “ And better horsyt than ar we,
 “ We fuld into gret perill be. 295
 “ And giff we fycht on fute perfay
 “ At awantage we fall be ay.
 “ For in the park, amang the treys,
 “ The hors men ar cumbryt alwayis.
 “ And the fyks alsua, that ar thardoun, 300
 “ Sall put thaim to confusioun.”

Ver. 274. Stirling castle, within view.

All

All thai consentyt till that saw.
 And than, intill a litill thraw,
 Thair four bataills ordanyt thai.
 And till the Erle THOMAS perfay
 Thai gaiff the waward in leding ;
 For in his nobill gouerning,
 And in hys hey chewalry,
 Thai affloweryt rycht soueranly.
 And, for to maynteyne hys baner,
 Lords, that of gret worship wer,
 War affygnyt, with thair mengye,
 Intill hys bataille for to be.
 The tothyr bataile wes gevyn to led
 Till hym, that douchty wes of deid,
 And presyt off hey chewalry,
 That wes Schyr EDUARD, the worthy.
 I trow he fall maynteyne it sua
 That, howfaeuir the gamyn ga,
 Hys fayis to plenyne fall matre haf.
 And syne the thred bataill thai gaff
 Till WALTRE STEWART for to leid ;
 And to DOWGLAS douchty off deid.
 Thai war cosyngs in ner degré,
 Tharfor till hym betaucht wes he.
 For he wes young, bot not forthy
 I trow he fall sa manlily
 Do hys deuour, and wirk sa weill,
 That hym fall nede ne mar yeinseill.
 The ferd bataill the nobill KING
 Tuk till hys awne gowerning.

305

310

315

320

325

330

And

And had intill hys cumpany
 The men of *Carrik* halely,
 And off *Arghile*, and off *Kyntyr*,
 And off the *Ilis*, quharoff was Syr 335
 ANGUSS off *Ile* and *But*: all tha
 He off the plane land had alsua,
 Off armyt men a mekill rout:
 Hys bataill stalwart wes and stout.
 He said the rerward he wald ma; 340
 And ewyn befor hym fuld ga
 The waward; and, on aythir hand,
 The tothyr bataillis fuld be gangand,
 Besid on fid a litill space:
 And the KING, that behind thaim was, 345
 Suld se quhar thar war mast mister,
 And releve thar with hys baner.

The KING, thus, that wes wycht and wiss,
 And rycht awisē at dewiss,
 Ordanyt hys men for the fychting 350
 In gud aray, in alkyn thing.

And on the morn, on Settreday,
 The KING hard hys discourours say
 That *Inglis* men, with mekill mycht,
 Had lyin at *Edinburch* all nycht. 355

Ver. 333, 334. That is, he joined those of Carrick, in whom he most confided, with those in whom he trusted least, that the former might check the later.

Tharfor,

Tharfor, withowtyn mar delay,
He till the *New Park* held hys way,
With all that in hys leding war,
And in the park thaim herbyryt thar.

And in a plane feld, be the way,
Quhar he thought ned behowyd to gay
The *Inglis men*, giff that thai wald
Throw the park to the castell hald,
He gert men mony potts ma,
Off a fute braid round ; and all tha
War dep uptill a mannys kne ;
Sa thik, that thai mycht lyknyt be
Till a wax kayme, that beis mais.
All that nycht trawailland he wais,
Swa that or day he hes maid
The potts, and thaim helyt haid
With stykks, and with gres all grene,
Swa that thai moucht not weill be fene.

360

365

370

On Sonday than, in the mornyng,
Weile sone eftre the sone rysyng,
Thai hard thair mess commonnaly.
And mony thaim schraiff full devoutly,
That thought to dey in that mellé,
Or than to mak thair cuntré fre.
To God, for thair rycht, prayit thai ;
Thar deyt nane off thaim that day.

375

380

Ver. 377. Many *shrove*, or confessed their sins to the priests.

Bot

Bot for the vigil off Saint Ihane
 Thai fafty water and breid ilkane.

The KING that, when the mess wes done,
 Went furth to se the potts sone, 385
 And at hys liking saw thaim mad.

On aythir syd, rycht weill braid,
 It wis pitty, as Ik haiff tauld.

Giff that thair fayis on horfs wald hald
 Furth in that way, I trow thai fall 390
 Not weill eschaip forowtyn a fall.

Throwout the oft than gert he cry
 That all fuld arm thaim hastily,
 And busk thaim on thair best maner;
 And quhen thai assemblyt wer, 395

He gert aray thaim for the fycht.

And syne gert cry our all on hycht
 That quha fa euir he war, that fand
 Hys hart not sekyr for to stand,
 To wyn all, or dey with honour, 400

For to manteyne that stalwart stour,
 That he betyme fuld hald hys way.

And nane fuld duell with hym bot thai
 That wald stand with hym to the end,
 And tak the ure that God wald send, 405

Than all awerlyt with a cry,
 And with a woce said generaly,
 That nane for dout off deid fuld faile,
 Quhill discomfyt war the gret bataile,

Quhen

Quhen the gud KING has hard hys men
 Sa hardly hym ansuer then,
 Sayand that nothyr dede, na dreid,
 Till sic discomfort fuld thaim leid,
 That thai fuld eskew the fechting,
 In hart he had gret reiosing.

410

For hym thocht men off sic cowyne,
 Sa gud, and hardy, and sa fyne,
 Suld weill in bataill hald thair rycht,
 Agayne men off full miekill mycht.

415

Syne all the small folk, and spitall,
 He send with harneys and with wictaill
 Intill the park, weill fer hym fra ;
 And fra the bataillis gert thaim ga.
 And as he bad thai went thair way,
 Twenty thousand weill ner war thai.

420

Thai held thair way till a walé.
 The KING left bot a clene mengye,
 The quithyr thai war threty thousand,
 That I trow fall stalwartly stand ;
 And do thair deuour as thai aw.

425

Thai stud thaim rangyt all on raw,
 Redy for to giff hard bataill,
 Giff ony folk wald thaim affaill.

430

The KING gert thaim all buskyt be,
 For he wyft in certanté
 That hys fayis all nycht lay
 At the *Fawkyrk* ; and syne that thai

435

Held

Held toward hym the way all straucht,
With mony men off mekill maucht.

Tharfor till hys newo bad he,

The Erle off MURREFF, with hys mengye,
Besid the kyrk to kepe the way,
That na man pass that gat away,
For to debate the castell.

And he said himself fuld weill

Kep the entré with hys bataill,
Giff that ony wald thar affaill.

And syne hys brodyr, Schyr EDUARD,
And young WALTRE alsua STEWARD,
And the Lord off DOWGLAS alsua,
With thair mengye, gud tent fuld ta,
Quhilk off thaim had of help mister,
And help with thaim that with hym wer.

The KING send than JAMES off DOWGLAS,
And Schyr ROBERT the KEYTH, that than was
Marischell off all the ost off fé,

The *Inglis* mennys comyng to se.

And thai lap on, and furth thai raid,
Weill horsyt men with thaim thai haid;

And sone the gret ost haiff thai sene,
Quhar schelds schynand war fa schene,
And bassynetts burnyst brycht,

That gave agayne the sone gret lycht,
Thai saw fa fele brawdyne baners,
Standars, and pennownys, and spers,

440

445

450

456

460

465

And

And sa fele knyghts apon steds,
 All flawmand in thair weds ;
 And sa fele bataills, and sa braid,
 And tuk swa gret rowme as thai raid,
 That the maist oft, and the stoutest,
 Off Cryfyn dome, and the grettest,
 Suld be abaysit for to se
 Thair fayis into sic quantité,
 And swa arayit for to fycht.

Quhen thair discurriours has had fycht
 Off thair fayis, as I yow say,
 Towart the KING thai tuk thair way,
 And tauld hym, into priueté,
 The multitud, and the beauté,
 Off thair fayis, that come sa braid,
 And off the gret mycht that thai had.
 Than the KING bad thaim thai fuld ma
 Na contenance that it war sua,
 Bot lat them into comowne say,
 That thai come intill ewyll aray ;
 To comfort hys on that wyfs.

For oftsys throw a word may ryfs
 Discomford, and tynsaill with all.
 And throw a word, als weill may fall,
 Comford may ryfs, and hardyment
 May ger men do thair intent.
 On the famyn wiss it ded er.
 Thair comford, and thair hardy cher,
 Comford thaim sa gretumly,
 Off thair oft, that the leyft hardy

470

475

480

485

490

495

Be

Be contenance wald formast be
For to begyne the gret mellé.

Apon this wys the nobill KING
Gaiff all hys men recomforting,
Throw hardy contenance of cher, 500
That he maid on fa gud maner.
Thaim thought that na myscheiff mycht be
Sa gret with this thai hym mycht se
Befor thaim, fwa that thaim fuld greve
That in hys worship fuld thaim releve. 505
Hys worship comfort thaim fwa,
And contenance that he gan ma,
That the mast coward wes hardy.
On othyr halff, full sturdely,
The *Inglis men* on sic aray, 510
As ye haiff herd me forouth say,
Come with thair bataille approchand,
The baners to the wynd wawand.

And quhen thai cummyn war fa ner,
That bot twa myle betwix thaim wer, 515
Thai chesyt a joly cumpany
Off men, that wycht wer and hardy,
On fayr coursers armyt at rycht.
Four lordys off mekill mycht
War capitany off that route. 520
The Schyr the CLYFFURD, that wes stout,

Ver. 514. The day before the battle of Bannocburn, or
23d June, 1314.

Wes

Wes off thaim all sowerane leidar :
 Aucht hundre armyt, I trow, thai war.
 Thai war all young men, and joly,
 Yarnand to do chewalry
 Off best of ywill the oft war thai
 Off contenance, and off aray :
 Thai war the fayrest cumpany
 That men mycht fynd off sa mony.

525

To the castell thai thought to far,
 For giff that thai weill mycht cum thar,
 Thai thought it fuld reskewyt be.

530

Furth on thair way held thys mengye,
 And toward *Strewilline* held thair way.
 The *New Park* all eschewit thai,

535

For thai wylt weill the KING was thar,
 And newth the *New Park* gan thai far ;
 Weill newth the kyrk, intill a rout.

The Erle THOMAS, that wes sa stout,
 Quhen he saw thaim sa ta the plane,
 In gret hy went he thaim agayne,
 With fyve hundre, forowtyn ma,
 Anoyit in hys hart and wa,
 That thai sa fer war passyt by.

540

For the KING had said hym rudely,
 That " a rose off hys chaplete
 " Was fallyn ;" for quhar he wes set

545

To

Ver. 526. Editions read :

The best of all the host were they.

Ver. 547. That is a rose of his chaplet, or wreath of flow-
ers :
VOL. II. I

To kep the way thaise men war past.
 And tharfor he haftyd hym sa fast,
 That cummyn in schort tyme wes he
 To the plane feld, with hys menye.
 For he thought that he fuld amend
 That he trespassit had, or than end.

550

And quhen the *Inglis men* hym saw
 Cum on, forowtyn dyn or aw,
 And tak sa hardely the plane,
 In hy thai sped thaim hym agane ;
 And strak with spurs the steds styth,
 That bar thaim ewyn hard and swyth.
 And quhen the Erle saw that mengye
 Cum sa stoutly, to hys said he,
 " Be not abaysit for thair schor,
 " Bot setts spers yow befor.
 " And bak to bak for all your rout
 " And all the spers poynts owt.
 " Swa gate us best defend may we,
 " Enweronyt with thaim giff we be."

555

And as he bad thaim thai haiff done :
 And the tothyr come on alfone.
 Befor thaim all come prykkand
 A knyght, hardy of hart and hand,

560

565

570

ers : a proverbial metaphor. The Annalist, ii. 44, strangely misunderstands the passage.

And

Ve
the
name

And a weile gret lord at hame,
 Schyr **GILYAME DE AMECOT** wes hys name.
 And prykkyt on thaim hardyly,
 And thai met hym swa sturdely, 575
 That he and horfs wes borne doune,
 And slayne rycht thar forowtyn ransoun.
 With *Inglis men* gretly wes he
 Menyt that day, and hys bounté.
 The lave come on rycht sturdely, 580
 Bot nane off thaim sa hardly
 Ruschyt amang thaim, as did he.
 Bot with fer mar maturityté,
 Thai assemblyt all in a rout,
 And enweround thaim all about, 585
 Assailyand thaim on ilka fid.
 And thai with spers wowndis wid
 Gaff till the horfs, that cum thaim ner.
 And thai that ridand on thaim wer,
 That doune war borne, losyt thair lyvis. 590
 And othyr spers, darts, and knyffs,
 And wapynnys on fer maner,
 Kest amang thaim that fechtand wer ;
 That thaim defendyt swa wittily,
 That thair fayis had gret ferly. 595
 For sum wald schout out off thair rout,
 And off thaim that assailyt about,

Ver. 573. Editions say Sir William the Hawcourt. From the Annals, ii. 44, it appears that *Daynecourt* is the real name.

Stekyt steds, and bar down men.
 The *Inglis men* sa rudly then
 Kest amang thaim fuerds and mass,600
 That ymyd thaim a monteyle was,
 Off wappnys, that war warpyt thar.
 The Erle and hys thus fechtand war
 At gret myscheyff, as I yow say.
 For fewar, be full fer, war thai605
 Than thair fayis; and all about
 War enweround: quhar mony rout
 War roucht full dispiteously.
 Thair fayis demanyt thaim full starkly.
 On ayther half thai war sa stadt,610
 For the rycht gret heyt that thai had,
 For fechtyng, and for sonnys het,
 That all thair fles off fwate was wete.
 And sic a strew raifs out off thaim then,
 Off ane ding bath off hors and men,615
 And off powdys; that sic myrknes
 Intill the ayr abowyne thaim wes,
 That it wes wondre for to se.
 Thai war in gret perplexite.
 Bot with gret trawaill not forthy620
 Thai thaim defendyt manlily:
 And set bath will, and strenth and mycht,
 To rusche thair fayis in that fycyt,
 That thaim demanyt angryrly:
 Bot giff God help thaim hastily,625

Ver. 616. Powder is dust.

Thai

Thai fall thair fill haiff off fechtyng.
 Bot quhen the nobill renownyt KING,
 With othyr Lords that war hym by,
 Saw how the Erle abandonnly
 Tuk the playne feld, JAMES off DOWGLAS 630
 Come to the KING, rycht quhar he was,
 And said, " A Schyr ! Sanct Mary !
 " The Erle off MURREFF opynly
 " Tayls the playne feld, with hys menye.
 " He is in perill but he be 635
 " Sone helpyt ; for hys fayis ar ma
 " Than he, and horsyt weill alsua.
 " And with your leve I will me speid
 " To help hym, for he has ned ;
 " All umbeweround with hys fayis is he." 640
 The KING said, ' Sa our Lord me se !
 ' A fute till him yow fall not ga.
 ' Giff he weill dois, let hym weill ta.
 ' Quheyr euir hym happyn to wyn or losf,
 ' I will not for hym brak purpos.' 645
 " Certs," said JAMES, " I ma na wiss
 " Se that hys fayis hym surpris,
 " Quhen that I may set help thartill.
 " With your leve sekyrly I will
 " Help hym, or dey into the payn." 650
 ' Do than, and speid ye sone agayn,'

The KING said. And he held hys way :
Giff he may cum in tyme perfay,
I trow he fall hym help sa weill,
That all hys fayis fall it feill.

655

THE END OF BUKER XI.

THE

5

THE
B R U C E.

B U K E XII.

E

I 4

ARGUMENT.

The King of Scotland kills Schir HENRY DE BOHUN.—The Erle of MUREF defeats the Inglis partie.—Kyng ROBERT avisis with his men makis a lang speche to thaim.—Thair remain on armis all nicht.—Next day is the BATTLE OF BANNOCBURN.—The armies joyn in fecht.—Dedis of the Erle of MUREF.

T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E XII.

NOW Dowglas furth hys wayis tais ;
 And in that selff tyme fell, throw caifs,
 That the king off *Ingland*, quhen he
 Wes cummyn with hys gret menye
 Ner to the place, as I said ar, 5
 Quhar *Scotts* men arayit war,
 He gert arest all hys bataill.
 And othyr alsua to tak consaill,
 Quhar thai wald herbery thaim that nycht ;
 Or than but mar ga to the fycht, 10

The waward, that wyft na thing
 Off this arest, na hys duelling,
 Raid to the *Park* all straucht thair way,
 Forowtyn styn ting, in gud aray.

And quhen the KING wyft that thai wer 15
 In hale bataill, cummand fa ner,

Hys

Hys bataill gert he weill aray.
 He raid apon a litill palfray,
 Laucht; and joly arayand
 Hys bataill, with an ax in hand. 20
 And on hys bassinet he bar
 An hat off tyre aboune ay quhar;
 And tharapon, into taknyng,
 Ane hey crown, that he wes king.

And quhen GLOSYSTER and HERFURD war, 25
 With thair bataill, approachand ner,
 Befor thaim all thar come rydand,
 With helm on heid, and sper in hand,
 Schyr HENRY THE BOUNE, the worthy,
 That wes a wycht knyght, and a hardy; 30
 And to the Erle off HERFURD cufyne;
 Armyt in armys gud and fyne;
 Come on a sted, a bow-schote ner,
 Befor all othyr that thar wer.
 And knew the KING, for that he saw 35
 Hym swa rang hys men on raw;
 And by the crown, that wes set
 Alsua apon hys bassynet.
 And towart hym he went in hy.
 And the KING sua apertly 40

Ver. 18. Editions read :

 Himself rade on a gray palfray.

This palfrey, or little horse, Robert only used in arraying
 his army, because more manageable than a war-horse.

Ver. 29. Sir Henry de Bohun.

Saw

Saw hym com, forouth all hys fers,
In hy till hym the hors he sters.

And quhen Schyr HENRY saw the KING

Cum on, forowtyn abaysing,

Till hym he raid in full gret hy.

45

He thought that he fuld weill lychtly

Wyn hym, and haf hym at hys will,

Sen he hym horsyt saw sa ill.

Sprent thai famyn intill a ling.

Schyr HENRY myffit the nobill KING.

50

And HE, that in hys sterapys stud,

With the ax, that wes hard and gud,

With sa gret mayn raucht hym a dynt,

That nothyr hat na helm mycht stynt

55

The hewy dusche, that he hym gave,

That neir the heid till the harnys clave.

The hand-ax schaft fruschyt in twa;

And he doun to the erd gan ga

All flatlynys, for hym faillyt mycht.

This wes the fyrst strak off the fycht,

60

That wes performyst douchtely.

And quhen the KING's men sa stoutly

Saw hym, ryght at the fyrst meting,

Forowtyn dout or abaysing,

Haiff slayne a knyght, sa at a strak,

65

Sic hardyment tharat gan thai tak,

That thai come on ryght hardely.

Quhen Inglysmen saw thaim sa stoutly

Ver. 49. They sprang forward at once, in full and strait career.

Cum

Cum on, thai had gret abaysing :
 And specially for that the KING
 Sa smerty that gud knyght has flayne ;
 That thai withdrew thaim euirilkane ;
 And durst not ane abyd to fycht :
 Sa dreid thai for the KING's mycht.

70

And quhen the KING's men thaim fa
 Swa in hale bataill thaim withdraw,
 A gret schout till thaim gan thai mak.
 And thai in hy tuk all the bak ;
 And thai that folowit thaim has flane
 Sum off thaim that thai haf ourtane.
 Bot thai wer few, forsuth to say,
 Thair hors' fete had all away.
 Bot, how fa quhoyne deyt thar,
 Rebutyt foulily thai war ;
 And raid thair gait, with weill mar schame
 Be full fer than thai come fra hame.

75

80

85

Quhen that the KING repayrt was,
 That gert hys men all leve the chas,
 The lords off hys cumpany
 Blamyd hym, as thai durst, gretumly,
 That he hym put in awentur,
 To mete sa fftyth a knyght, and stur,
 In sic poynt as he then wes fene.
 For thai said weill, it mycht haiff bene
 Cause off thair tynsaill euir ilkane.
 The KING ansuer has maid thaim nane.

90

95

Bot

Bot menyt hys hand-ax schaft sua
Wes with the strak brokyn in twa.

The Erle THOMAS wes yeit fechtand
With fayis apon ayther hand,
And off thaim a quantité :
Bot wery wes hys men and he.

100

The quheyr with wapynys sturdely
Thai thaim defendyt manlily ;
Quhill that the DOWGLAS come ner,
That sped hym on gret maner.

105

And *Inglismen*, that war fechtand,
Quhen thai the DOWGLAS saw nerhand
Thai wandyft, and maid an opynning.

110

JAMES off DOWGLAS, be thair relyng,
Knew that thai war discomfyt ner :
Than bad thaim, that with hym wer,
Stand still, and press na furthyr mar.

“ For thai that yondre fechtand ar,”
He said, “ ar off sa gret bounté,
“ That thair fayis weill sone fall be
“ Discomfyt, throw thair awne mycht,
“ Thouch na man help thaim for to fyght.
“ And come we now to the fechting,
“ Quhen thai ar at discomfytting,
“ Men fuld say we thaim fruschyt had ;
“ And swa fuld thai, that cass has mad

115

120

Ver. 97. An unaffected stroke of heroism !

“ With

“ With gret trawaill and hard fechting,

“ Loss a part off thair lowing.

“ And it war syne to less thair prys,

125

“ That off sa souerane bounte is;

“ And he, throw plane and hard fechting,

“ Has her eschewyt unlikly thing.

“ He fall haff that he wonyn has.”

The Erle with that, that fechtand was,

130

Quhen he hys fayis saw brawland sua,

In hy apon thaim gan he ga:

And pressyt hym sa wondre fast

With hard strakys, quhill at the last

Thai fled that durst abid na mar.

135

Bath hors and men flane left thai thar;

And held thair way, in full gret hy,

Not altogyddyr bot syndryly.

And thai that war ourtane war slayn;

The lave went till thair oft agayn,

140

Off thair tynsaill sary and wa.

The Erle, that had hym helpyn swa,

And hys als, that war wery,

Hynt off thair bafsynetts in hy,

Till awent thaim, for thai war wate,

145

Thai war all helyt into swate.

Thaim semyt men, forfuth ik hycyt,

That had fadyt thair force in fyght;

And swa did thai full douchtely.

Thai fand off all thair company

150

Ver. 144, 145. They took off their helmets, to have fresh air.

That

That thar was bot a yuman slayne.
 And lowyt God: and wes full fayne,
 And blyth, that thai eschapyt swa.
 Towart the KING than gan thai ga.
 And till hym weill sone cummyn ar.
 He wyttet at thaim off thair far;
 And gladsum cher to thaim mad,
 For thai sa weill thaim borne had.
 Than all pressyt into gret daynté
 The Erle off MURREFF for to se; 155
 For hys hey worship, and gret walour,
 All yarnty to do hym honour.
 Sa fast thai ran to se hym thar,
 That ner all samyn assemblit ar.

And quhen the gud KING gan thaim se 165
 Besor him swa assembyt be;
 Blyth and glad, that thair fayis war
 Rabutyt apon sic maner;
 A litill quhill he held hym still;
 Syne on this wys he said hys will. 170

Ver. 155, 156. The MS. by a mistake arising from an omission, in a transcript of two columns, being taken into the wrong column, here inserts lines 169, 170.

A litill quhill he held hym still;
 Syne on this wys he said hys will.

But they are quite foreign to this passage; and the editions rightly place them before the speech of Robert.

“Lordings,

" Lordings, we aucht to love and luff
 " Almychty God, that sitts abuff,
 " That sents us sa fayr beginnyng.
 " It is a gret discomforting
 " Till our fayis, that on this wyfs 175
 " Sa sone has bene rabutyt twiss.
 " For quhen thai off thair ost fall her,
 " And knaw futhly on quhat manner
 " Thair waward, that wes sa stout;
 " And syne yone othyr joly rout, 180
 " That I trow off the best men war,
 " That thai mycht get amang thaim thar,
 " War rabutyt sa sedanly;
 " I trow, and knawis it full clerly,
 " That mony a hart fall wawerand be, 185
 " That semyt er off gret bounté.
 " And, fra the hart be discumfyt,
 " The body is not worth a myt.
 " Tharfor I trow that gud ending
 " Sall folow till our begynnnyng. 190
 " And quheyr I say not this yow till,
 " For that ye fuld folow my will
 " To fycht: bot in yow all fall be.
 " For giff yow thinks speidfull that we
 " Fecht; we fall: and, giff ye will, 195
 " We leve; your liking to fulfill.

Ver. 171. To *love* or *lofe* is to praise; *lof, laus.* Belg.
et Isl. To *luff* is to *love.*

Ver. 193. That is, ' but all this shall be as you chuse.'
" I fall

“ I fall consent, on all kyn wyfs,
 “ To do, ryght as ye will dewyfs.
 “ Tharfor sayis off your will planly.”
 And with a woce than gan thai cry : 200
 ‘ Gud KING ! forowtyn mar delay,
 ‘ To morne alsone as ye se day,
 ‘ Ordane yow hale for the bataill ;
 ‘ For doute of dede we fall not faill.
 ‘ Na na payn fall refusyt be,
 ‘ Quhill we haiff maid our cuntré fre ! ” 205

Quhen the KING had hard sa manlily
 Thai spak to fechting, and sa hardely,
 In hart gret glaidschaip gan he ta.
 And said, “ Lordings, sen ye will sua, 210
 “ Schaip we us tharfor in the mornyng,
 “ Swa that we, be the sone rysing,
 “ Haff herd mess ; and buskyt weill
 “ Ilk man intill hys awn eschell,
 “ Without the pailownys, arayit 215
 “ In bataillis, with baners displayit.
 “ And luk ye na wyfs brek aray.
 “ And, as ye luff me, I yow pray
 “ That ilk man for hys awne honour,
 “ Purway hym a gud baneour. 220
 “ And, quhen it cumys to the fycht,
 “ Ilk man set hart, will, and mycht,

Ver. 210. This long speech of the king's is far from being
 void of martial eloquence, and peculiarly adapted to the time,
 and to the hearers.

" To stynt our fayis' mekill prid.
 " On horsf thai will arayit rid ;
 " And cum on yow in full gret hy. 225
 " Mete thaim with spers hardly.
 " And think than on the mekill ill,
 " That thai and thairs has done us till ;
 " And ar in will yeit for to do,
 " Giff thai haffs mycht to cum tharto. 230
 " And certs me think weill that ye
 " Forowt abaysing aucht to be
 " Worthy, and off gret wasselags.
 " For we haiff thre gret awantags.
 " The fyrst is, that we haiff the rycht ; 235
 " And for the rycht ay God will fycht.
 " The tothyr is, that thai cummyn ar,
 " For lyppynnyng off thair gret powar,
 " To sek us in our awne land ;
 " And has brought her, rycht till our hand, 240
 " Ryches into sa gret quantité,
 " That the powerest off yow fall be
 " Bath ryche, and mychty tharwithall,
 " Giff that we wyne, as weill may fall.
 " The thred is, that we for our lyvys, 245
 " And for our childre, and for our wywis,
 " And for owr fredome, and for our land,
 " As strenyeit into bataill stand.
 " And thai, for thair mycht anerly,
 " And for thai lat off us leyghtly, 250
 " And for thai wald destroy us all,
 " Maiss thaim to fycht: bot yeit may fall
 " That

" That thai fall rew thair barganyng,
 " And certe I warne yow off a thing
 " That happyn thaim, as God forbed
 " That deyt on roid for mankyn heid!
 " That thai wyn us opynly,
 " Thai fall off us haf na mercy.
 " And, sen we knew thair feloun will,
 " Methink it fuld accord to skill,
 " To set stoutnes agayne felony;
 " And mak sa gat a juperty.
 " Quharfor I yow requer, and pray,
 " That with all your mycht, that you may,
 " Ye pres yow at the beguining,
 " Bot cowardys or abaysing,
 " To mete thaim at thair fyrst assemble
 " Sa stoutly that the henmaist tremble.
 " And menys off your gret manheid,
 " Your worschip, and your douchty deid;
 " And off the joy that we abid,
 " Giff that us fall, as weill may tid,
 " Hap to wencuss this gret bataill.
 " In your handys without fayle
 " Ye ber honour, price, and riches;
 " Fredome, welth, and blythnes;
 " Giff ye contene ye manlily.
 " And the contrar all halyly
 " Sall fall, giff ye lat cowardys
 " And wykkytnes yow surpris.
 " Ye mycht haf lewyt into threldome.
 " Bot, for ye yarnyt till haff fredome,

255

260

265

270

275

280

" Ye ar assemblyt her with me.
 " Tharfor is nedfull that ye be
 " Worthy and wycht, but abaysing. 285
 " And I warne yow weill off a thing;
 " That mar meyscheiff may fall us nane,
 " Than in thair handys to be tane:
 " For thai suld flaw us I wate weill
 " Rycht as thai did my brothyr NELE. 290
 " Bot quhen I mene off your stoutnes,
 " And off the mony gret prowes,
 " That ye haf doyne sa worthely;
 " I traist, and trowis sekyrly,
 " To have plane wi&ctour in this fycht. 295
 " For thouch our fayis haff mekill mycht,
 " Thai haf the wrang, and succudry,
 " And cowartyfis of senyowry,
 " Amowys thaim forowtyn mor.
 " Na us thar dreid thaim, bot befor; 300
 " For strenth off this place, as ye se,
 " Sall let us enweronyt to be.
 " And I pray yow als specially,
 " Bath mar and les commonaly,
 " That nane off yow for gredynes 305
 " Haff ey to tak off thair ryches;
 " Na prisoners for to ta;
 " Quhill ye se thaim contreryt sa,

Ver. 300. That is, ' Nor can we have any cause to apprehend their attacking us, but in front : ' the ground was so well chosen.

" That

“ That the feld anerly yowrs be. 310

“ And than, at your liking, may ye

“ Tak all the ryches that thar is.

“ Giff ye will wyrk apon this wyſſ,

“ Ye fall haiff wičtour fekyrl.

“ I wate not quhat mar fay fall I.

“ Bot all wate ye quhat honour is : 315

“ Contene thaim on sic awiſſ,

“ That your honour ay favyt be.

“ And Ik hycht her in leauté,

“ Giff ony deys in this bataille,

“ Hys ayr, but ward, releff, or taile, 320

“ On the fyrſt day fall weld ;

“ All be he neuir fa young off eld.

“ Now makys yow redy for to fycht.

“ God help us, that is maift off mycht !

“ I rede armyt all nycht that we be, 325

“ Purwayit in bataill fwa, that we

“ To mete our fayis ay be boune.”

Than ansueryt thai all, with a ſoune,

“ As ye dewiſſ all fall be done.”

Than till thair innys went thai ſone ; 330

And ordanyt thaim for the fechting.

Syne assemblyt in the ewynyng,

And fwa gat all the nycht bad thai,

Till on the morn that it wes day.

Quhen the CLYFFURD, as I ſaid ar, 335
And all hys rout, rabutyt war ;

And thair gret waward alsua,
 War distrenyeit the bak to ta ;
 And thai had tauld thair rebuting,
 Thai off the waward, how the KING
 Slew at a strak, sa apertly,

340

A knyght, that wycht wes and hardy ;
 And how all hale the KING's bataill
 Schup thaim rycht stoutly till asfajill ;
 And Schyr EDUARD the BRUCE alsua ;
 Quhen thai all hale the bak gan ta :

345

And how thai left off thair men.
 And CLYFFURD had tauld alsua then,
 How THOMAS RANDALL tuk the plane,
 With a few folk ; and how wes flane
 Schyr GILYAME DAINECOURT the worthy.

350

And how the Erle faucht manly,
 That, as ane hyrhoune, all hys rout
 Gert set owt spers all about ;
 And how that thai war put agayne,
 And part off thair gud men slayne.

355

The *Inglis* sik abaysing
 Tuk, and sik dreid off that tithyng,
 That in fyve hundre plaes and ma
 Men mycht se famyn routand ga ;
 Sayand, " Our lords, for thair mycht,
 " Will allgate fycht agane the rycht.
 " Bot quhasa werrayis wrangwyfly,
 " Thai fend God all to gretummly.
 " And thaim mycht happyn to mysfall.
 " And swa may tid that her we fall."

360

365

And

And quhen thair lordys had persawing
 Off discumfort, and rownnyng,
 That thai held famyn twa and twa ;
 Throw out the oft than gart thai ga 370
 Heralds, to mak a crye,
 That nane discomfort fuld be ;
 For in punye is oft happyne
 Quhile for to wyn, and quhill to tyne.
 And that into the gret bataille, 375
 That apon na maner may fail.
 Bot giff the *Scotts* fley thair way,
 Sall all amendyt be perfay.
 Tharfor thai monyf thaim to be
 Off gret worship, and off bounté ;
 And stoutly in the bataill stand, 380
 And tak amendys at thair hand.

Thai may weill monyf as thai will :
 And thai may hecht als to fulfill,
 With stalwart hart, thair bidding all. 385
 Bot not forthy I trow thai fall
 Intill thair harts dredand be.
 The King, with hys cunsail priué,
 Has tane to rede, that he wald noucht
 Fecht or the morne, that he war soucht. 390
 Tharfor thai herberyd thaim that nycht
 Doune in the *Kers*. And gert all dycht,
 And maid redy thair apparail
 Agayne the morne, for the bataill.

And, for in the *Kers* pulis war, 395
 Houffis thai brak, and thak bar,
 To mak bryggs, quhar thai mycht pâs.
 And sum sayis yeit the folk that was
 In the castell quhen nycht gan fall,
 For that thai knew the meyscheiff all, 400
 Thai went full ner all that thai war,
 And durs and wyndowis with thaim bar ;
 Swa that thai had, befor the day,
 Briggit the puls ; swa that thai
 War passyt our ilkane all hale, 405
 Arayit intill thair appaill.

The *Scotfmen*, quhen it wes day,
 Thair mes devoutly gert thai say.
 Syne tuk a sop : and maid thaim yar.
 And quhen thai all assemblyt war ; 410
 And in thair bataillis all purwayit,
 With thair braid baners all displayit,
 Thai maid knychts ; as it affers
 To men that usys thais mysters.
 The KING maid WALTRE STEWART knyght ;
 And JAMES off DOWGLAS, that wes wycht : 416
 And othyrs als off gret bounté
 He maid, ilk ane in thair degré.

Ver. 395. *Pulis* are *pools*.

Ver. 407. The day of the battle of Bannocburn, 24th June, 1314. A plan of this battel may be found in Nimmo's history of Stirlingshire.

Ver. 409. A sop is a flight meal, probably of Scotch porridge, oat-meal and water boiled.

Quhen

Quhen this wes doyne, that I yow say,
 Thai went all furth in gud aray :
 And tuk the plane full apertly.
 Mony gud man, wycht and hardy,
 That war fulfillyt off gret bounté,
 Intill thaise routs men mycht se.

420

The *Inglis men*, on othyr party,
 That as angelis schane brychtly,
 War not arayit on sic maner :
 For all thair bataills samyn wer
 In a schilthrum. Bot quheythir it was
 Throw the gret stretnes off the place
 That thai war in, to bid fechting ;
 Or that it wes for abaysing ;
 I wate not. But in a scheltrum
 It semyt thai war all and sum ;
 Owtane the awaward anerly,
 That rycht with a gret cumpany,

425

Be thaim selwyn, arayit war.
 Quha had bene by mycht haff sene thar
 That folk ourtak a mekill feld
 On breid ; quhar mony a schynand scheld,
 And mony a burnyst brycht armur,
 And mony man off gret walur,
 Mycht in that gret scheltrum be sene ;
 And mony a brycht baner and schene.

430

435

440

Ver. 429. From Hearne's Robert of Gloucester it appears
 that a *schilthrum* is an host ranged in a round form.

And

And quhen the King off *Ingland* 445
 Saw the *Scotts* sa tak on hand,
 Takand the hard feld opynly,
 And apon fute, he had ferly ;
 And said, " Quhat ! will yone *Scotts* fycht ?"
 " Ya sekyrly ! " said a knycht, 450
 (Schyr INGRAME the UMPHRAWEILL hat he,
 And said) " Forsuth now, Schyr, I se,
 " It is the mast ferlyfull fycht
 " That euir I saw, quhen for to fycht
 " The *Scotts* men haff tane on hand : 455
 " Agayne the mycht off *Ingland*,
 " In plane hard feld, to giff bataill.
 " Bot, an ye will trow my cunsail,
 " Yow fall discomfyt thaim lychtly.
 " Withdrawis yow hyne sedanly, 460
 " With bataillis, and with penownys,
 " [Quhyle that we pas owr paliounys ;]
 " And ye fall se alsone that thai,
 " Magre thair lordys, fall brak aray,
 " And scaile thaim our harnayis to ta. 465
 " And, quhen we see thaim scailyt sua,
 " Prik we than on thaim hardely,
 " And we fall haff thaim weill lychtly.
 " For than fall nane be knyt to fycht,
 " That may withstand your mekill mycht." 470
 " I will not," said the King, " perfay,
 " Do sa : for thar fall na man say

Ver. 462. Wanting in MS.

" That

“ That I fall eschew the bataill,
“ Na withdraw me for sic rangaile.”

Quhen this wes said, that er said I, 475
The *Scotts* men commonnaly
Knelyt all doun, to God to pray.
And a schort prayer thar maid thai
To God, to help thaim in that fycht.
And quhen the *Inglis* King had fycht 480
Off thaim kneland, he said in hy,
“ Yone folk knele to ask mercy.”
Schyr INGRAHAME said, ‘ Ye say futh now.
‘ Thai ask mercy: but nane at yow,
‘ For thair trespass to God thai cry. 485
‘ I tell yow a thing sykyrly,
‘ That yone men will all wyn or de.
‘ For doute off dede thai fall not fle.’
“ Now be it sa than ! ” said the King.
And than, but langar delaying, 490
Thai gert trump till the assemblé.
On aythir fid men mycht than se
Mony a wycht man, and worthy,
Redy to do chewalry.

Thus war thai boune on aythir fid. 495
And *Inglis* men, with mekill prid,
That war intill thair awaward,
To the bataill that Schyr EDUARD
Gouernyt and led, held straucht thair way.
The horfs with spurs hardynyt thai; 500
And prykkyt apon thaim sturdely;
And thai met thaim ryght hardyly.

Swa

Swa that, at thair assemble thar,
 Sik a frusching off spers war,
 That fer away men mycht it her,
 That at that meting forowtyn wer.

505

War steds stkyt mony ane ;
 And mony a gud man borne doun and flane ;
 And mony hardy men, and douchty,
 Wes thar eschewyt for hardely.

510

Thai dang on othyr with wapnys fer.
 Sum off the hors, that stekyt wer,
 Ruschyt, and relyt rycht rudlye.
 Bot the remanand not forthy,
 That mycht come to the assembling,

515

For that let maid na stytting.
 Bot assemblyt full hardely ;

And thai met thaim full sturdly,
 With spers that war ssharp to scher,
 And axys that weill groundyn wer ;
 Quharwith wes roucht mony a rout.

520

The fechting wes thar sa fele and stout,
 That mony a worthy man, and wycht,
 Throw forss wes fellyt in that fycht,
 That had na mycht to rys agane.

525

The *Scottsmen* fast gan thaim Payne.
 Thair fayismekill mycht to frusch,
 I trow thai fall na payn refuse,
 Na perill, quhill thair fayis be
 Set in weill hard perplexité.

530

And quhen the Erle off MURREFF swa
 Thair waward saw, sa stoutly, ga
 The way to Schyr EDUWARD all straucht,
 That met thaim with full mekill maucht ;

He

He held hys way, with hys baner,
 To the gret rout quhar samyn wer
 The nyne bataills, that war fa braid ;
 That fa fele baners with thaim haid,
 And off men fwa gret quantité,
 That it war wondre for to se.

535

540

The gud Erle thyddyr tuk the way
 With hys bataill, in gud aray.
 And assemblyt fa hardely,
 That men mycht her, that had bene by,
 A gret frusç off the spers that braft :
 For thair fayis assenblit fast,
 That on steds, with mekill prid,
 Come prikkand, as thai wald ourrid
 The Erle, and all hys cumpany.
 Bot thai met thaim fa sturdely,
 That mony off thaim till erd thai bar.
 For mony a sted wes stekyt thar ;
 And mony gud man fellyt undre fet,
 That had na hap to ryfs up yete.
 Thar mycht men se a hard bataill,
 And sum defende, and sum assaile ;
 And mony a reale romble rid
 Be roucht, thar apon aythir fid ;
 Quhill throw the byrnys bryst the blud,
 That till erd doune stremand yhude.
 The Erle off MURREFF, and hys men,
 Sa stoutly thaim contenyt then,
 That thai wan place, ay mar and mar,
 On thair fayis ; quheyr thai war

545

550

555

560

Ay

Ay ten for ane, or mar, perfay ; 565
 Swa that it semyt weill that thai
 War tynt, amang sa gret menye,
 As thai war plungedt in the se.
 And quhen the *Inglis men* has sene
 The Erle, and all hys men, bedene 570
 Faucht sa stoutly, but effraying,
 Rycht as thai had nane abaysing ;
 Thaim pressyt thai with all thair mycht.
 And thai, with spers and fuerds brycht,
 And axis that rycht scharply schar, 575
 Ymydds the wesage, met thaim thar.
 Thar mycht men se a stalwart stour ;
 And mony men off gret walour,
 With spers, mases, and knyffs,
 And othyr wapynys, wyfflyyt thair lyvis : 580
 Swa that mony fell doun all dede.
 The greys woux with the blud all reid.
 The Erle, that wycht wes and worthy,
 And hys men, faucht sa manlily,
 That quhafsa had sene thaim that day, 585
 I trow forsuth that thai fuld say
 That thai fuld do thair dewor wele,
 Swa that thair fayis fuld it fele.

THE END OF BUCE XII.

THE

65

70

75

THE
B R U C E.

80 B U K E XIII.

85

HE

ARGUMENT.

BATTLE OF BANNQCBURN CONTINUIT.—*Dedis
of STUART and DOUGLAS.*—*Rage of the fecht.*
—*The Scotysh swayns appear in array*—*The In-
glis flee.*—*Deth of Schyr GILES DE ARGYN-
TYNE.*—*DOUGLAS persews the Inglis King.*—
*The Erle of HEREFURD is savit in Bothwel cas-
tel.*—*Gret riches of the Inglis camp.*—*Escape of
the Inglis King.*—*Bothwell takin;* and the Erle
of HEREFURD exchanged for the Quein, and her
daughter.—*Kyng ROBERT ravagis Northumer-
land.*

T H E
B R U C E.

B U K E XIII.

QUHEN thir twa fyrst bataills wer
 Assemblyt, as I said yow er,
 The STEWART, WALTRE that then was,
 And the gud Lord als off DOWGLAS,
 In a bataill, quhen that thai saw 5
 The Erle, forowtyn dreid or aw,
 Assembill with hys cumpany
 On all that folk sa sturdely,
 For till help thaim thai held thair way.
 And thair bataill, in gud aray, 10
 Thai assemblyt sa hardyly
 Besid the Erle, a littill by,
 That thair fayis feld thair cumyn weille.
 For with wapynys stalwart of stele
 Thai dang apon, with all thair mycht. 15
 Thair fayis refawyt wele, Ik hycht,
 With swerds, spers, and with mase.
 The bataill thair sa feloun was,
 And swa rycht gret spilling of blud,
 That on the erd the flouffis stud. 20

The *Scotsmen* sa weill thaim bar,
 And swa gret flauchter maid thai thar,
 And fra sa fele the lyvis rewyt,
 That all the feld bludy wes lewyd.

That tyme thir thre bataills wer,

25

All sid be syd, fechtand weill ner,

Thar mycht men her mony dint,

And wapyns apon armurs stynt.

And se tumble knychts, and steds,

And mony rych and reale weds

30

Defoulylt foully undre fete.

Sum held on loft; sum tynt the snet.

A lang quhill thus fechtand thai war;

That men na noyis mycht her thar,

Men hard noucht, but granys; and dynts

35

That flew fyr, as men flayis on flynts.

Thai faucht ilkane sa egrely,

That thai maid na noyis na cry,

Bot dang on othyr at thair mycht,

With wapnys that war burnyft brycht.

40

The arowys alsua thyk thar flaw,

That thai mycht say weill, that thaim saw,

That thai a hydwyf schot gan ma:

For quhar thai fell, Ik undreta,

Thai left, eftre thaim, taknyng

45

That fall ned, as I trow, leching.

The *Inglis* archers schot sa fast,
 That mycht thair schot haff ony last,

It

It had bene hard to *Scotsmen*.

Bot King ROBERT, that wele gan ken, 50

That thair archers war perallouſſ,

And thair schot rycht hard and grewouſſ,

Ordanyt, forowth the assemblé

Hys marschell, with a gret menye,

Fyve hundre armyt into stele,

55

That on lycht hors war horsyt weille,

For to pryk amang the archers ;

And swa affaile thaim with thair spers,

That thai na layfer haiff till schute.

This marischell that Ik of mute, 60

That Schyr ROBERT off KEYTH was cauld,

As Ik befor her has yow tauld,

Quhen he saw the bataills swa

Assembill, and togyddir ga,

And saw the archers schoyt stoutly ; 65

With all thaim off hys cumpany,

In hy apon thaim gan he rid.

And ourtuk thaim at a fid ;

And ruschyt amang thaim fa rudly,

Stekand thaim fa dispitously,

And in sic fusown berand doun,

And slayand thaim, forowtyn ransoun ;

That thai thaim scalyt euirilkane.

And fra that tyme furth thar wes nane

That assemblyt schot to ma.

70

Quhen *Scots* archers saw that thai sua

War rebutyt, thai woux hardy,

And with all thair mycht schot egrely

75

Amang the horss-men, that thair raid;
 And wounds wyd to thaim thai maid:
 And flew off thaim a full gret dele.
 Thai bar thaim hardely and wele.
 For fra thair fayis archers war
 Scalit, as I said till yow ar,
 That ma na thai wer, be gret thing,
 Swa that thai dreid not thair schoting;
 Thai woux fa hardy, that thaim thought
 Thai fuld set all thair fayis at noucht.

80

85

The merschell, and hys company,
 Was yheit, as to yow er said I,
 Amang the archers, quhar thai maid
 With spers rowme, quhar that thai raid;
 And flew all that thai mycht ourta.
 And thai weill lychtly mycht do sua:
 For thai had noucht a strak to ftynt,
 Na for till hald agayne a dynt.
 And agayne armyt men to fycht
 May nakyt men haiff litill mycht.
 Thai scalyt thaim on sic maner,
 That sum to thair gret bataill wer
 Withdrawyn thaim, in full gret hy:
 And sum war fled all utrely.

90

95

100

Bot the folk that behind thaim was,
 That for thair awne folk had na space,

Ver. 85. That is, 'that were more (numerous) than they (the Scotish archers).'

Theyt

Theyt to cum to the assemblng,
On agayne smertly gan thai ding.
The archers that thai met fleand,
That then war maid sa recreand,
That thair harts war tynt clenly,
I trow thai fall not schute gretly
The *Scots* men with schote, that day.
And the gud KING ROBERT, that ay
Was fellyt off full gret bounté,
Saw how that hys bataills thre
Sa hardly assemblyt thar,
And sa weill in the fycht thai bar ;
And swa fast on thair fayis gan ding,
That hym thought nane had abaysing ;
And how the archers war scalyt then ;
He wes all blyth. And till hys men
Hes aid, " Lordings, now luk that ye
Worthy, and off gud cowyne be,
" At thys assemble, and hardy.
" And assembill sa sturdely
" That nathing may befor yow stand.
" Our men ar sa freshly fechtand
" That thai thair fayis has grathyt sua,
" That be thai pressyt, Ik undreta,
" A litill fayster, ye fall se
" That thai discomfyt sone fall be."

105

110

115

120

125

130

Quhen

Ver. 130. Editions add fourteen lines.

Now go we on them so hardily,
And ding on them so doughtily,

L 3

That

Quhen this wes faid, thai held thair way,
 And on ane feld assemblyt thai
 Sa stoutly, that at thair cummyng
 Thair fayis war ruschyt a gret thing,
 Thar mycht men se men felly fycht ; 135
 And men, that worthy war and wycht,
 Do mony worthy wassellage.
 Thai faucht, as thai war in a rage,
 For quhen the *Scots* archery
 Saw thair fayis sa sturdely 140
 Stand into bataill, thaim agayne ;
 With all thair mycht, and all thair mayne,
 Thai layid on, as men out off wyt.
 And quhar thai, with full strak, mycht hyt,
 Thar mycht na armur stynt thair strak. 145
 Thai to fruchyt that thai mycht ourtak.

That they may feil at our coming
 That we them hate in meikle thing.
 For great cause they have us made,
 That occupied our lands brade ;
 And put all to subjection.
 Your goods they made all theirs common,
 Our kin and friends, for thair awn,
 Dispiteously hanged and drawn :
 And would destroy us, if they might.
 But I trow God, through his foresight,
 This day has granted us his grace
 To wrek us on thaim in this place.

They are certainly better out ; and it is suspected that the author had at first inserted them, but upon an after revision, perceiving the speech too long for the occasion, had cancelled them, as they are not in the MS.

And

And with axys such dusches gave,
That thai helmys, and heds, clave.

And thair fayis rycht hardely
Met thaim, and dang on thaim douchtely, 150
With wapynys that war styth off stele.

Thar wes the bataill strekyt weil.

Sa gret dyn thar wes off dynts,
As wapynys apon armur styns ;
And off spers sa gret bresting ;
And sic thrang, and sic thryfting ;
Sic gyrnyng, granyng ; and sa gret
A noyis, as thai gan othyr beit :

And ensenyeys on ilka fid :

Gewand, and takand, wownds wid : 160
That it wes hidwysf for to her.

All four thair bataills with that wer
Fechtand, in a frount halyly.

A mychty God ! how douchtely

Schyr EDUARD the BRUCE, and hys men, 165
Amang thair fayis contenyt thaim then !

Fechtand in sa gud cowyne,
Sa hardy, worthy, and sa fyne,
That thair waward ruschyt was ;

And, maugre thairis, left all the place : 170

And till thair gret rout, to warand,
Thai went ; that tane had apon hand
Sa gret anoy, that thai war effrayit,
For *Scotts*, that thaim hard assaiyt ;

That than war in a schiltrum all.

Quha hapnyt into that fycht to fall,

155

160

165

170

175

I trow agayne he fuld not ryss.
 Thar mycht men se, on mony wyls,
 Hardements eschewit douchtely :
 And mony, that wycht war and hardy, 180
 Sone liand undre fete all dede ;
 Quhar all the feld off blud wes rede.
 Armys, and quhytyss, that thai bar,
 With blud wes sa defoulyt thar,
 That thai mycht not descryfit be. 185
 A mychty God ! quha then mycht se
 That STEWART, WALTRE, and hys rout,
 And the gud DowGLAS, that wes sa stout,
 Fechtand into that stalwart stour ;
 He fuld say that till all honour 190
 Thai war worthy, that, in that fycht,
 Sa fast pressyt thair fayis mycht,
 That thaim ruschyt quhar thai yeid.
 Thar men mycht se mony a steid
 Fleand on ftray, that lord had nane. 195
 A Lord ! quha then gud tent had tane
 Till the gud Erle off MURREFF,
 And hys, that sa gret routs geff,
 And faucht sa fast in that bataill,
 Tholand sic paynys, and trawaill, 200
 That thai and thairs maid sic debat,
 That quhar thai come thai maid thaim gat.

Ver. 183. *Qubytyss* are *coats* : the word is disfigured by an odd orthography.

Thar

Thar mycht men her enseynyeis cry :
 And *Scotts* men cry hardely,
 " On thaim ! On thaim ! On thaim ! Thai fail ! "
 With that sa hard thai gan assaile, 206
 And flew all that thai mycht ourta.
 And the *Scotts* archers alsua
 Schot amang thaim sa deleuerly,
 Engrewand thaim sa gretumly, 210
 That quhat for thaim, that with thaim faucht,
 That fwa gret rowts to thaim raucht,
 And pressyt thaim full egrely ;
 And quhat for arowis, that fellowly
 Mony gret wounds gan thaim ma, 215
 And flew fast off thair horfs alsua ;
 That thai wandyft a litill wei.
 Thai dreid sa gretly than to dey,
 That thair cowyn wes wer and wer :
 For thai, that fechtand with thaim wer, 220
 Set hardement, and strenth, and will,
 And hart, and corage als, thartill ;
 And all thair mayne, and all thair mycht,
 To put thaim fully to the flycht.

In this tyme, that I tell off her, 225
 At that bataill, on this maner,
 Wes ftrykyn, on ayther party
 That war fechtand enforcely ;
 Yomen, and swanys, and pitaill,
 That in the *Park* yemyt wi&tall, 230
 War

War left ; quhen thai wylt but lesing
 That thair lords with full fychtyng
 On thair fayis assemblyt war ;
 Ane off thair selwyn that war thar
 Capitane off thaim all thai maid.

235

And schets, that war sum dele braid,
 Thai festnyt insteid off baners,
 Apon lang treys and spers.

And said that thai wald se the fycht ;
 And help thair lords at thair mycht.
 Quhen her till all assentyt wer,
 In a rout assenblit er,

240

Fyften thowsand thai war, or ma.
 And than in gret hy gan thai ga,
 With thair baners, all in a rout,
 As thai had men bene styth and stout.

245

Thai come, with all that assenble,
 Rycht quhill thai mycht the bataill se ;
 Than all at anys thai gave a cry,
 " Sla ! sla ! Apon thaim hastily ! "

250

And tharwith all cummand war thai :
 Bot thai war wele fer yete away.

And *Inglis men*, that ruschyt war
 Throw foris off fycht, as I said ar,

Quhen thai saw cummand, with sic a cry,
 Towart thaim sic a cumpany,

255

That thaim thought weill als mony war,
 As that wes fechtand with thaim thar ;
 And thai befor had not thaim sene ;

Than wit ye weill, withowtyn wene,

260

Thai

35
40
45
250
255
260
Thai

Thai war abaysit sa gretumly,
That the best and the maist hardy,
That war intill thair ost that day,
Wald with thair mensk haf bene away.

The King ROBERT, be thair relying, 265
Saw thai war ner at discomfiting,
And hys ensenyen gan hely cry.
Than, with thaim off hys cumpany,
Hys fayis he pressyt sa fast that day,
Thai wer intill sa gret effray, 270
That thai left place, ay mar and mar.
For all the *Scottsmen* that thar war,
Quhen thai saw thaim eschew the fycht,
Dang on thaim with all thair mycht,
That thai scalyt thaim in troplys fer ; 275
And till discomfitur war ner.
And sum off thaim fled all planly.
Bot thai, that wycht war and hardy,
That schame lettyt to ta the fycht,
At gret myscheiff mantenyt the fycht ; 280
And stythly in the stour gan stand.
And quhen the King off *England*
Saw hys men fley, in syndry place,
And saw hys fayis rout, that was
Worthyn sa wycht, and sa hardy, 285
That all hys folk war halyly
Sa stonayit, that thai had na mycht
To stytnt thair fayis in the fycht ;

He

He wes abayfit sa gretumly,
 That he, and hys company,
 Fyve hundre, armyt all at ryght,
 Intill a fruscht all tok the flycht ;
 And to the castell held thair way.
 And yheit haiff lk hard som men say,
 That off WALLENCE Schyr AYMER,
 When he the feld saw wencuslyt ner,
 Be the reyngye led away the King,
 Agayne hys will, fra the fechting.
 And quhen Schyr GYLIS the ARGENTE'
 Saw the King thus, and hys menye,
 Schap thaim to fley sa spedely,
 He come ryght to the King in hy,
 And said, " Schyr, sen it is sua
 " That ye thus gat your gat will ga,
 " Hawys, gud day ! For agayne will I.
 " Yheit fled I neuir sekyrly.
 " And I cheyfis her to bid, and dey ;
 " Than for to lyve schamly, and fley." 305

Hys brydill, but mar abad,
 He turnyt ; and agayne he rad.
 And on EDUARD the BRUYSS' rout,
 That wes sa sturdy, and sa stout,
 As dred off na kyn thing had he,
 He prikyt ; cryand, " The ARGENTE' !"
 And thai with spers swa hym met,
 And swa fele spers on hym set,
 That 315

That he and hors war chargyt swa,
 That bathe till the erd gan ga.
 And in that place thar slayn wes he.
 Off hys deid wes ryght gret pité. 320
 He wes the thrid best Knycht, perfay,
 That men wyft lewand in hys day.
 He ded mony a fayr journy.
 On *Sarysynys* thre derenyey faucht he :
 And, intill ilk derenyey off tha,
 He wencuslyt *Sarysynys* twa. 325

Hys gret worship tuk thar ending.
 And fra Schyr AYMER with the King
 Wes fled, wes nane that durst abid ;
 Bot fled scalyt on ilka sid. 330
 And thair fayis thaim pressyt fast.
 Thai war, to say suth, swa agast,
 And fled sa fast, ryght effrayitly,
 That off thaim a full gret party
 Fled to the watre off *Forth* ; and thar
 The maist part off thaim drownyt war. 335
 And *Bannok burne*, betwix the brays,
 Off men, off hors, swa stekyt wais,
 That, apon drownyt hors, and men,
 Men mycht pass dry outour it then.
 And ladds, swanys, and rangaill, 340
 Quhen thai saw wencuslyt the bataill,
 Ran amang thaim ; and sa gan fla,
 As folk that na defens mycht ma,

That

That war pitté for to se.

345

Ik hard neuir quhar, in na countré,

Folk at fwa gret myscheiff war stad.

On ane sid thai thair fayis had,

That slew thaim doun, forowtyn mercy:

And thai had, on the tothyr party,

350

Bannok burne, that sua cumbyrsum was,

For flyk and depnes for to pas,

That thar mycht nane outour it rid:

Thaim worthys, maugre thairs, abid.

Swa that sum slayne, sum drownyt, war:

355

Mycht nane eschap that euir come thar.

The quheyr mony gat away,

That ellys war fled as I fall say.

The King, with thaim he with hym had,

In a rout till the castell rad,

360

And wald haff bene thatin, for thai

Wyft not quhat gat to get away.

Bot PHILIP the MOWBRAY said hym till,

‘ The castell, Schyr, is at your will.

‘ Bot cum ye in it, ye fall se

365

‘ That ye fall sone assegyt be.

‘ And thar fall nane off *Ingland*

‘ To mak yow rescours tak on hand.

‘ And, but rescours, may na castell

‘ Be haldyn lang, ye wate this weill.

370

Ver. 358. That fled otherwise.

Ver. 360. Of Stirling.

‘ Tharfor

' Tharfor comfort yow, and rely
 ' Your men about yow rycht starkly ;
 ' And halds about the *Park* your way,
 ' Rycht als sadly as ye may.
 ' For I trow that nane fall haff mycht,
 ' That chaffys, with sa fele to fycht.' 375

And hys cunfaill thai haff döyne ;
 And benewth the castell went thai sone,
 Rycht by the *Round Table* away ;
 And syne the *Park* enweround thai ; 380
 And towart *Lithkow* held in hy.
 Bot I trow thai fall haftily
 Be conweyit with sik folk, that thai,
 I trow, mycht suffre weill away.
 For Schyr JAMES Lord off DOWGLAS 385
 Come to the KING, and askyt the chace ;
 And he gaff hym it, but abaid.
 Bot all to few off hors he haid :
 He had not in hys rout sixty.
 The quheyr he sped hym haftily 390
 The way eftyr the King to ta.
 Now lat hym on hys wayis ga ;

Ver. 379. The Round Table is an artificial mount near Stirling castle. Chivalry, universal over Europe from the twelfth century, spred romantic names in most countries. In Britain Arthur's fabulous exploits were predominant. Nimmo, in his history of Stirlingshire, mentions a round artificial mount still existing in the gardens of Stirling castle, and seems rightly to imagine that it is here implied by Barbour.

And

And eftre this we fall weill tell
Quhat hym, intill the chace, befell.

Quhen the gret bataill on this wys
Wes discomfyt, as Ik dewys,
Quhar threty thousand weill war ded,
Or drownyt in that ilk sted ;
And sum war intill hands tane ;
And othyr sum thair gat war gane ;
The Erle off HERFURD, fra the melle,
Departyt with a gret mengye ;
And straucht to *Bothwell* tok the way,
That than in the *Inglis mennys fay*
Wes, and haldyn as place off wer.
Schyr WALTRE GILBERTSON wes ther
Capitane, and it had in ward.
The Erle of HEREFURD thyddyrward
Held, and wes tane in, our the wall ;
And fyfty off hys men with all ;
And set in houssis syndryly
Swa that thai had thar na mistry.
The lave went toward *England*.
Bot off that rout, I tak on hand,
The thre parts war flane or tane.
The lave with gret payn hame ar gane.

395

400

405

410

415

420
For.

Schyr MAWRICE alsua the BERCLAY
Fra the gret bataill held hys way,
With a gret rout off *Walys men*.
Quhareuir thai yeid men mycht thaim kēn,

For thai wele ner all nakyt war;
 Or lynnyn clathys had but mar.
 Thai held thair way in full gret hy.
 Bot mony off thair cumpany,
 Or thai till *Ingland* come, war tane;
 And mony als off thaim war slayne.

425

Thar fled als othyr wayis fer.
 Bot to the castell, that wes ner,
 Off *Strewillyne* fled sic a mengye,
 That it war wondre for to se.
 For the craggs all helyt war
 About the castell, her and thar,
 Off thaim, that for strenth off that sted,
 Thyddyrwart to warrand fled.
 And for thai war sa fele that thar
 Fled undre the castell war,
 The KING ROBERT, that wes witty,
 Held in hys gud men ner hym by,
 For drede that ris agayne suld thai.
 This was the caufs, for suth to say,
 Quharthrouch the King off *Ingland*
 Eschapyt hame, intill hys land.

430

435

440

Quhen that the feld sa clene wes maid
 Off *Inglis men*, that nane abaid,

Ver. 421. This anecdote of the Welch, in the fourteenth century, is curious. They appeared naked even to Scotch peasants.

The *Scots* men sone tuk in hand
 Off thair's all that euir thai fand ;
 That mony man mychty wes maid
 Off the rychys, that thai thar haid.

445

Quhen this wes doyne, that her say I,

The KING send a gret cumpany
 Up to the crag thaim till affaile,
 That war fled fra the gret bataill,
 And thai thaim yauld forowtyn debate,
 And in hand has tane thaim sute hate.
 Syne to the KING thai went thair way.

450

Thai dispendyt haly that day
 In spulyeing, and ryches takyng,
 Fra end wes maid off the fychting.
 And quhen thai nakyt spulyet war,
 That war slane in the bataill thar,
 It wes forsfuth a gret ferly
 To se famyn sa fele dede ly.

455

Twa hundre payr of spurs reid
 War tane off knyghts that war deid.

The Erle off GLOSYSTRE ded wes that,
 That men callyt Schyr GILBERT of CLAR.

465

And GYLIS de ARGENTE' alsua ;
 And PAYN TYPONTS ; and othyrs ma ;
 That thair namys not tell can I.
 And, apon *Scots* menys party,

470

Ver. 454. Editions read :

And them in hand they took full hait.

Thar

45 Thar wes slayne worthy knyghts twa;
 WILYAME the WEPOYNT wes ane off tha;
 And Schyr WALTRE off Ross ane othyr,
 That Schyr EDUARD, the KINGS brothyr,
 Luffyt, and had in sic daynte 475
 That as hymselff hym luffyt he.
 And quhen he wyft that he wes ded,
 He wes fa wa, and will off reide,
 That he said, makand iwill cher,
 That hym war lewer that journey wer 480
 Undone, than he fwa ded had bene.
 455 Owtakyn hym men has not sene
 Quhar he, for ony man, maid menyng.
 And the cauſs wes off hys luffyng,
 That he hys fyſtre per amours 485
 Luffyt, and held all at rebours
 Hys awne wyff dame YSABELL.
 And tharfor fa gret distance fell
 Betwix hym, and the Erle DAWY
 Off ATHOLE, brothyr to this lady, 490
 That he apon Sayint Thomys nycht,
 Quhen bath the Kings war boune to fyght,
 In Camyskynnell the KINGS wictaill
 He tuk; and sadly gert affaile
 Schyr WILLYAM of KETH, and hym flew; 495
 And with hym men ma then ynew.
 470 Tharfor fyne intill *Ingland*
 He wes bannyst; and all hys land

Ver. 493. 'Cambuskenneth,' *ed.*

M 2

Wes

Thar

Wes sesyt as forfaut to the KING,
That did tharof syne hys liking.

500

Quhen the feld, as I tauld yow ar,
Wes dispulyeit, and left all bar,
The KING, and all hys cumpany,
Blyth and joyfull, glaid and mery,
Off the grace that thaim fallyn was,
Toward thair innys thair wayis tais,
To rest thaim fer thai werie war.

505

Bot for the Erle GILBERT off CLAR,
That slayne wes in the bataill place,
The KING sum dele anoyit was:
For till hym wele ner fib was he.

510

Then till a kyrk he gert hym be
Brought, and walkyt all that nycht.
And on the morn, quhen day wes lycht,
The KING raiss as hys wills was.

515

Than an *Inglis* knyght, throw cass,
Hapnyt that he yeid wawerand,
Swa that na man laid on hym hand,
In a busk he with hys armyng,
And waytyt quhill he saw the KING

520

In the morne cum forth arly:

Till hym than is he went in hy.

Schyr MARMEDUK TWEMYNE he hycht.

He raykyt till the KING all rycht,

And halyfst hym apon hys kne.

525

“ Welcum, Schyr MARMEDUK,” said he;

“ To

“ To quhat man art thou presoner ? ”

‘ To nane,’ he said, ‘ bot to yow her.

‘ I yeld me at your will to be.’

“ And I reslave ye, Schyr,” said he.

Then gert he tret hym curtasly.

He duelt lang in hys company ;

And syne till *Ingland* hym send he,

Arayit weile, but ransoun, fre ;

And geff hym gret gyffs tharto.

53

A worthy man that sua wald do,

And mak hym gretly for to prise !

Quhen MARMYDUK, apon this wyls,

Was yoldyn, as Ik to yow say,

Than come Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY, 540

And to the KING yauld the castell.

Hys cunnand hes he haldyn well.

And with hym tretyt sua the KING,

That he belewytt off hys duelling ;

And held hym lely hys fay,

535

Quhill the last end off hys lyff day.

545

Now will we off the Lord DOWGLAS

Tell, how that he folowit the chass.

He had to quhene in hys company ;

Bot he sped hym in full gret hy.

550

And as he through the *Torwod* fur,

Sa met he ridand on the mur

Schyr LAURENCE off ABERNETHY,

That, with twenty-four in company,

Come for till help the *Inglismen* ;
 For he was *Inglisman* yet then.
 But quhen he hard how that it wes,
 He left the *Inglis mennys* pefs ;
 And to the Lord Dowglas rycht thar
 For to be lele and trow he fwar.

555

560

And than thai bath folowit the chass ;
 And or the King off *Ingland* was
 Passyt *Lythkow*, thai come sa ner,
 With all the folk that with thaim war,
 That weill amang thaim swyth thai mycht ;
 Bot thai thought thaim to few, to fycht
 With the gret rout, that thai had thar :
 For fyve hundre armyt thai war.
 Togyddir farraly raid thai ;
 And held thaim apon bridill ay.
 Thai war gouernyt wittily ;
 For it semyt ay thai war redy
 For to defend thaim, at thair mycht,
 Giff thai assailliyt war in fycht.

And the Lord off Dowglas, and hys men,
 How that he wald not schaip hym then
 For to fycht with thaim all planly,
 He conwayit thaim sa narowly,
 That off the henmaist ay tuk he :
 Mycht nane behind hys fallowis be
 A pennestane cast, na he in hy
 Wesdede, or tane deleuerly,

575

580

Ver. 581. As far as a quoit can be thrown.

That

That name recours wald till him ma,
Althouch he lewyt hym neuir sua.

On this maner conwoyit he
Quhill that the King, and hys menye,
To Wenchburg all cummyn ar.
Than lychtyt all that thai war,
To bayt thair hors, that wer wery.
And Dowglas, and hys cumpny,
Baytyt alsua besid thaim ner.
Thai war fa fele withoutyn wer,
And in armys fa clenly dycht,
And fwa arayit for to fycht;
And he fa quhoyne, and but supleyng;
That he wald not, in plane fechting,
Affaile thaim: bot ay raid thaim by,
Waytand hys poynt ay ythandly.

585

590

595

A litill quhill thai baytyt thar:
And syn lap on; and furth thai far;
And wes alwayis by thaim ner:
He leyt thaim not haff sic layser,
As anys watre for to ma.
And giff ony stad war fa
That he behind left ony space,
Seyfyt alsone in hand he wes.
Thai conwoyit thaim on sic awiss
Quhill that the King, and hys rout, is

600

605

Ver. 587. Wynchbrugh on the west of the river Cramond,
between Linlithgow and Edinburgh.

M 4

Cummyn

That

Cummin to the castell off *Dunbar* ;
 Quhar he, and sum off hys menye, war 610
 Resawyt rycht weile ; for yete than
 The Erle **PATRIK** wes *Inglifman*.
 That gert with mete, and drynk alsua,
 Refresche thaim weill : and syne gert ta
 A bate ; and send the King be se, 615
 To *Bawmburgh*, in hys awne countré.
 Thair hors thar left thai all on stray ;
 Bot sesyt I trow weill sone war thai :
 The lave, that lewyt thar without,
 Adressyt thaim intill a rout, 620
 And till *Berwick* held straucht thair way
 In route : botand we futh say,
 Stad thai war full narrowly,
 Or thai come thar. Bot noucht forthy
 Thai come to *Berwick* weill ; and thar 625
 Into the toune reslawyt war ;
 Ellys at gret myscheiff had thai bene.
 And quhen the Lord off **DOWGLAS** has sene
 That he had lesyt all hys payne,
 Towart the KING he went agayne. 630

This King eschapyt on this wyfs.
 Lo quhat fading in fortoun is !
 That will apon a man quhill smyle ;
 And prik on hym syne anothyr quhill.

Ver. 616. Banborough.

In

In na tyme stable can sche stand. 635
 This mychty King off *Ingland*
 Sche had set on hyr quheill, on hycyth,
 Quhen, with sa ferlyfull a mychyt,
 Off men, off armys, and archers,
 And off fute-men, and hobilers,
 He come ; ridand out off hys land,
 As I befor hase borne on hand.
 And in a nycht syne, and a day,
 She set hym in sa hard assay,
 That he, with few men, in a bate
 Wes fayne for till hald hame hys gate.

640

645

Bot off this ilk quhely's turnyng
 King ROBERT fuld mak na murnyng.
 For on hys syd the quheyle on hycyth
 Raifs, quhen the tothyr doun gan lycyth. 650
 And that it undre lawth was ar,
 Mon lep on loft in the contrar.
 Sa sure it off thir Kings twa.
 Quhen the King ROBERT stadt was swa
 That in gret myscheiff wes he, 655
 The tothyr was in maiesté.
 And quhen the King EDUARD's mychyt
 Was lawyt, King ROBERT wes on hycyth:
 And now sic fortoun fell hym till,
 That he wes hey and at hys will.

660

At *Strewillyne* wes he yeyt liand;
 And the gret lords, that he fand

Ded

Ded in the feld, he gert bery
 In haly place honorabilly.
 And the lave fyne, that dede war thar, 665
 Into gret pytts erdyt war.
 The castell, and the towrs, fyne
 Ryeht till the ground doun gert he myn.

And fyne to *Bothwell* send he
 Schyr EDUARD, with a gret menye ; 670
 For thar wes than send to hym word
 That the ryche Erle off HERFORD,
 And othyrs mychty als, war thar.
 Sa tretyt he with Schyr WALTRE,
 That Erle, and castell, and the lave, 675
 In Schyr EDUARD's hand he gave.
 And till the KING the Erle send he,
 That gert hym rycht weill yemit be.
 Quhill at the last thai tretyt fwa
 That he till *Ingland* hame fuld ga, 680
 Forowtyn paying off ransoume, fre ;
 And that for hym fuld changyt be
 Byschop ROBERT that blynd was maid ;
 And the Queyne, that thai takyn haid
 In presoune, as befor said I ; 685
 And hyr douchtre dame MAIORITY.
 The Erle wes changyt for thir thre.
 And, quhen thai cummyn war hame all fre,

Ver. 683. Robert Wishart Bishop of Glasgow. This patriotic bishop died in 1316.

The

The King hys douchtre, that wes far,
And wes als aperand ayr, 690
With WALTRE STEWART gan he wed.
And thai wele sone gat off thair bed
A knaw child, throw our Lord's grace,
That eftre hys gud eld fathyr wes
Callyt ROBERT; and syne wes King; 695
And had the land in gouerning,
Eftyr hys worthy eyme DAWY;
That regnyt twa yer and fourty.
And in the tyme off the compiling
Off this buk, this ROBERT wes KING, 700
And off hys kynryk paffyt wes
FYVE yer; and wes the yer of grace
A THOUSAND, THRE HUNDRE, SEUENTY
And FYVE; and off hys eld SEXTY.
And that wes eftre that the gud KING, 705
ROBERT, wes brought till hys ending,
FYVE and FOURTY wintres, bot mar.
God grant that thai that cummyn ar
Off hys offspring manteyne the land,
And hald the folk wele to warand!
And maynteyne rycht, and leawte 710
As weill as, in hys tym, did he!

Ver. 693. A *knav* child, a boy.

Ver. 695. Robert II. the first of the Stuarts, reigned from 1371 till 1390.

Ver. 706. Robert the Great, the hero of this poem, who died 7th June 1329.

KING

KING ROBERT now wes well at hycht,
For ilk day than grew hys mycht.

Hys men woux rych: and hys cuntré

715

Haboundyt weill off corne, and fe;

And off alkyn othyr ryches.

Myrth, and solace, and blythnes,

War in the land commonaly,

For ilk man blyth war and joly.

720

The KING, eftre the gret journé,

Throw rede off hys consaill priué,

In fer tounys gert cry on hycht,

That quha fa clemyt till haff rycht

To hald in *Scotland* land, or fe,

725

That in thir twelfmoneth fuld he

Cum, and clam yt; and tharfor do

To the KING that pertenynt tharto.

And giff thai cum not in that yer,

Than fuld thai wit, withowtyn wer,

That hard tharestre nane fuld be.

730

The KING, that wes off gret bounté,

And besynes, quhen this wes done,

Ane ost gert summound eftre sone.

And went thaim intill *England*;

735

And our raid all *Northummyrland*.

And brynt housis; and tuk thair pray;

And syne went hame agayn thair way.

Ver. 732. November 1314.

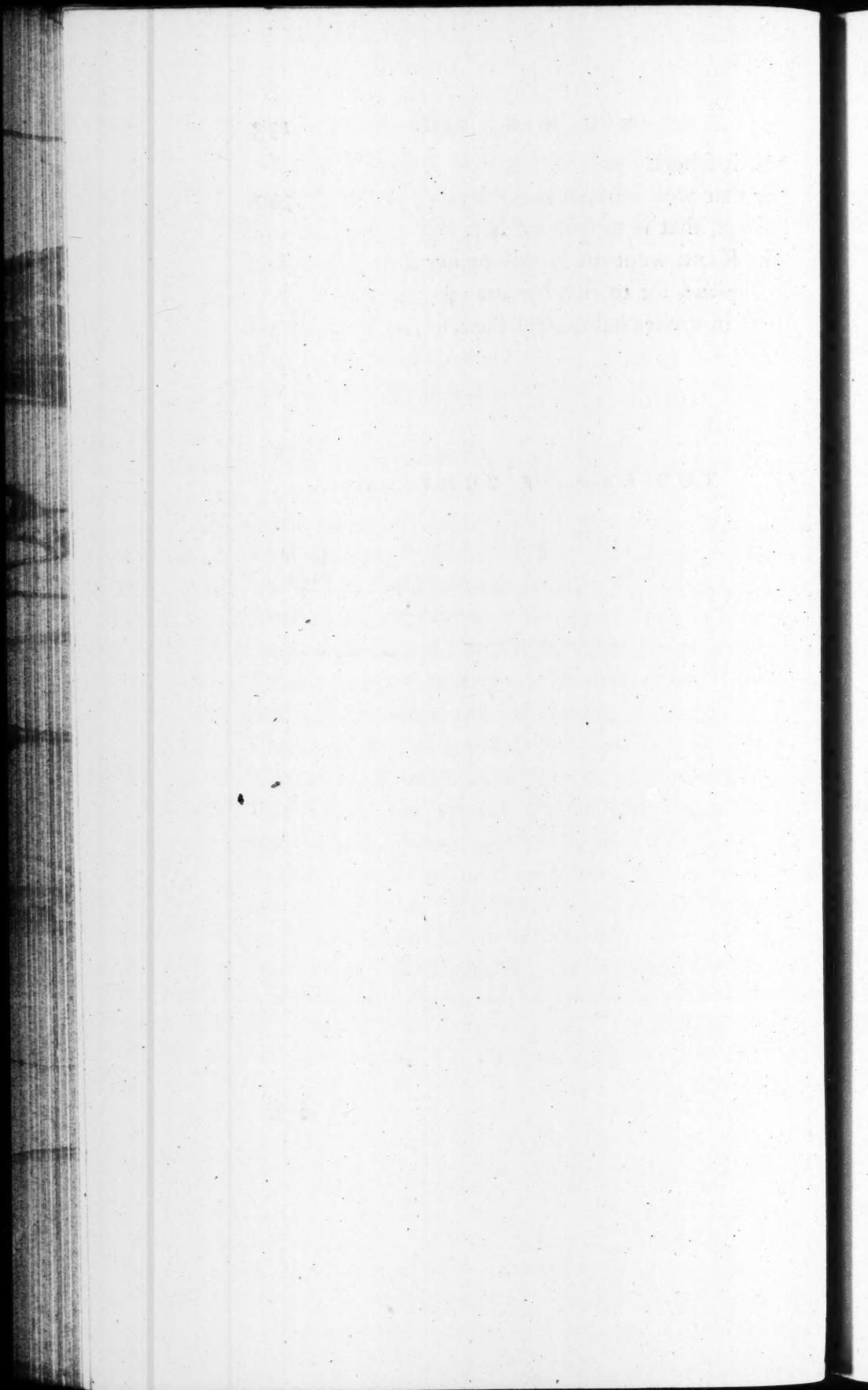
I lat

I lat it schortly pass for by,
For thar wes done na chewalry
Prowyt, that is to spek off her.
The KING went oft in this maner
In *Ingland*, for to rich hys men ;
That in ryches haboundyt then.

740

THE END OF BUKE XIII.

THE



THE
B R U C E.

B U K E XIV.

ARGUMENT.

*Thilk twa bukes followand, and half the neift, are
cheiflie occupyit with the actiouns of EDWARD DE
BRUYSE in Ireland.—Erl EDWARD gaes to Ire-
land, be invitation of the Irishry—wins a battel
neir Craigergus.—The Erl of MUREF gets for
hym the pass of Endnellan.—Erl EDWARD ganis
the battel of Dundalk.—Thrid battel near Cogners,
wun be Erl EDWARD agayn Schyr RICHARD
DE CLARE, lufetenand of Ireland.*

T H E

B R U C E.

B U K E XIV.

THE Erle off CARRIK, Schyr EDUWARD,
 That stoutar wes than a libbard,
 And had na will to be in pess,
 Thought that *Scotland* to litill wes
 Till hys brodyr, and hym alsua.
 Tharfor to purpos gan he ta 5
 That he of *Irland* wald be king.
 Tharfor he send and had tretyng
 With *Hyrsery* off *Irland* ;
 That in thair leawté tuk on hand
 Off all *Irland* to mak hym king. 10
 With thy that he with hard fychting
 Mycht ourcum the *Inglismen*,
 That in the land war wonnand then ;

Ver. 1. Edward Bruce now appears with the title of Earl of Carrick. His actions in Ireland, May 1315 to October 1318, occupy this and the next book, and half of the xvith.

Ver. 9. *Hyrsery*, or *Erschery*, are wild Irish: it is added 'of Ireland,' to distinguish them from the highlanders or Irish of Scotland, also called *Erschery* by our poet.

VOL. II.

N

And

And thai suld help with all thair mycht.
 And he that hard thaim mak sic hycbt,
 Intill hys hart had gret liking :
 And, with the consent off the KING,
 Gadryt hym men off gret bounté.
 And at *Ayr* syne schippt he,
 Intill the neyst moneth off May.
 Till *Irland* held he straucht hys way.

15

20

25

30

He had thar in hys cumpany
 The Erle THOMAS, that wes worthy ;
 And gud Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
 That sekyr wes in hard assay ;
 Schyr IHONE the SOULLS, ane gud knycht ;
 And Schyr IHONE STEWART, that wes wycht.
 The RAMSAY als off *Ouchtre houſſ*,
 That wes wycht and chewalrouſſ ;
 And Schyr FERGUS off ADROSSANE :
 And othyr knycts mony ane.

In *Wokings fyrth* arywydt thai
 Sauffly, but bargane or assay :
 And send thair schyppys hame ilkane.
 A gret thing haff thai undretane,

35

Ver. 21. On the 25th May, 1315. *Annals.*

Ver. 24. Thomas Randel, Earl of Moray.

Ver. 33. I am not sufficiently versed in Irish topography to trace accurately Edward's progress in Ireland : but this port must have been near Carrickfergus.

That,

That, with swa quhoyne as thai war thar,
 That war sex thowfand men, but mar,
 Schuip to werray all *Irland*,
 Quhar thai fall fe mony thousand 40
 Cum armyt on thaim for to fycht.
 Bot thought thai quhone war, thai war wycht.
 And, forowt drede or effray,
 In twa bataills tuk thair way
 Towart *Cragfergus*, it to se. 45
 Bot the lords off that countré,
 MANDWEILL, BESAT, and LOGANE,
 Thair men assembylyt euirilkane.
 The SAWAGES war alsua thar.
 And quhen thai assembylyt war, 50
 Thar war wele ner twenty thowfand.
 Quhen thai wyft that intill thair land
 Sic a mengue aryvyt war,
 With all the folk that thai had thar,
 Thai went towart thaim in gret hy. 55
 And fra Schyr EDUWARD wyft suthly
 That ner to hym cummyn wer thai,
 Hys men he gert thaim wele aray.
 The awaward had the Erle THOMAS;
 And the rerward Schyr EDUARD's was. 60

Thair fayis approchy to the fechting;
 And thai met thaim but abaysing.

Ver. 49. The Savages were a powerful family in Ireland. The editions erroneously imply this term to be given laxly to the people, ' savages.'

N 2

Thar

Thar mycht men se a gret mellé :
 For Erle THOMAS, and hys menye,
 Dang on thair fayis sa douchtely,
 That in schort tyme men mycht se ly
 An hundre, that all blody war. 65
 For hobynys, that war stkyt thar,
 Relyt, and flang, and gret rowme mad,
 And keft thaim that apon thaim rad.
 And Schyr EDUWARD's cumpany
 Assemblyt syne sa hardely,
 That thai thair fayis ruschyt all.
 Quha hapnyt in that fycht to fall,
 It wes perill off hys rysing. 70
 The *Scots* men in that fychting
 Swa apertly, and wele, thaim bar,
 That thair fayis swa ruschyt war,
 That thai haly the flycht has tane.
 And in that bataill wes tane or flane
 All hale the flur off *Ullyster*. 75
 The Erle off MURREFF gret prise had ther,
 For hys worthy chewalry
 Comfort all hys cumpany.

This wes a full fayr beginnyng ; 85
 For, newlings at thair arywing,

Ver. 68. Hobynys are war or carriage horses ; strong horses. Barbour, in most of his battle pieces, seems fond of representing the confusion caused by the wounded steeds.

Ver. 81. *Ullyster* is Ulster.

In

In plane bataill thai discomfyth thar
 Thair fayis, that four ay for ane war.
 Syne to *Cragfergus* ar thai gane,
 And in the toune hes innys tane.
 The castell weill wes stuffyt then
 Off new with wictaill, and with men.
 Thartill thai set a sege in hy.
 Mony eschewe full apertly
 Wes maid, quhill thar the sege lay :
 Quhill trewys at the last tuk thai.

90

95

Quhen that the folk off *Hallyster*
 Till hys pefs haly cummyn wer,
 Schyr **EDDWARD** wald tak on hand
 To rid furth further in the land.
 Off the Kings off that countré,
 That come till hym, and maid fewté,
 Weyll ten or twalf, as Ik hard say ;
 Bot thai held hym schort quhill thair fay.
 For twa off thaim ; ane **MAKGULLANE**,
 And ane othyr hat **MAKARTANE**,
 Withset a pass intill hys way,
 Quhar hym behowyt ned away,
 With twa thowsand off men with spers,
 And als mony off thair archers.
 And all the catell off the land
 War drawyn thyddar to warand.
 Men callys that place *Innuermallane* :
 In all *Irland* straytar is nane.

100

105

110

For Schyr EDUARD that kepyt thai ; 115
 Thai thought he fuld not thar away.
 Bot he hys wiage sone hes tane ;
 And straucht toward the pass is gane.
 The Erle off MURREFF, Schyr THOMAS,
 That put hym fyrst ay till assayis, 120
 Lychtyt on fute, with hys menye,
 And apertly the pase tuk he.
 Thir *Irſch* Kings I spak off ar,
 With all the folk that with thym war,
 Let hym ryght sturdely : bot he 125
 Assaylyt fwa with hys menye,
 That mawgre thairs, thai wan the pass.
 Slayn off thair fayis many thar was.
 Throw out the wod thaim chasyt thai ;
 And sesyt in sic fusioune the pray, 130
 That all the folk off thair ost war
 Refreshy whole, ane wouk or mar.

At *Kilſagart* King EDUARD lay ;
 And wele sone he has hard fay
 That at *Dundalk* wes assemblé 135
 Maid off the lords off that cuntré.
 In ost thai war assemblyt thar.
 Thar wes fyrst Schyr RICHARD of CLAR,
 That in all *Irland* lufftenande
 Was off the King off *Ingland* ; 140

Ver. 133. *Kilſagart* I cannot find.

The

The Erle off DESMOND als wes thar;
 And the Erle alsua off KILDAR;
 The BREMAN, and WODOUNE,
 That war lords off gret renowne;
 The BUTLER alsua thar was;
 And Schyr MORYSS LE FYSS THOMAS.

145

Thai with thair men ar commyn thar:
 A rycht gret ost forsuth thai war.
 And Schyr EDUWARD wyft futhly
 That thai war swilk chewalry. 150
 Hys ost in hy he gert aray;
 And thyddyrwarts tuk the way:
 And ner the toune tuk hys herbery.
 Bot for he wyft all wittily
 That in the toune war mony men, 155
 Hys bataills he arayit then;
 And stud arayit in bataill,
 To kep thaim giff thai wald affaile.

And quhen that Schyr RICHARD of CLAR,
 And othyr lords that war thar, 160
 Wyft that the *Scots*men fa ner
 With thair bataillis wer,
 Thai tuk to consaile that that nycht,
 For it wes layt, thai wald not fycght:
 Bot on the morne, in the mornyng, 165
 Weile sone estre the sone rysyng,
 Thai fuld isch furth all that thar war,
 Tharfor that nycht thai did na mar:

165

Bot herberyt thaim, on aythir party.
 That nycht the *Scotts* cumpany 170
 War wachyt weill, rycht all at nycht.
 And on the morne, quhen day wes lycht,
 In twa bataills thai thaim arayit.
 Thai stud with baners all displayit,
 For the bataill all redy boun. 175
 And thai, that war within the toun,
 Quhen sone wes rysyn schenand cler,
 Send furth off thaim that within wer,
 Fyfty, to se the contenyng
 Off *Scotts* men, and thair cummyng. 180
 And thai raid furth, and saw thaim sone ;
 Syne come agane withowtyn hone.

And quhen thai famyn lychtyt war,
 Thai tauld thair lords, that war thar,
 That *Scotts* men semyt to be 185
 Worthy and off gret bounté.
 Bot thai ar not, withowtyn wer,
 Haff dell a dyner till us her.
 The lordys had off this tithing
 Gret joy, and gret recomforting. 190
 And gert men throw the cité cry
 That all fuld arme thaim haftily.

Quhen thai war armyt, and purwayit ;
 And for the fycyt all hale arayit ;
 Thai went thaim furth in gud aray. 195
 Sone with thair fayis assemblyt thai ;
 That

That kepyt thaim ryght hardily,
 The stour begouth thar cruelly,
 For aythir part set all thair mycht
 To rusche thair fayis in the fycht; 200
 And with all mycht on othyr dang.
 The stalwart stour lestytyt wele lang,
 That men mycht na persave, na se,
 Quha maist that thar abowe fuld be.
 For fra sone eftre the sone ryffing, 205
 Quhill eftre myd morne, the fechting
 Lestytyt intill sifk a dout.
 Bot than Schyrr EDUWARD, that wes stout,
 With all thaim off hys cumpany,
 Schot apon thaim sa sturdely, 210
 That thai mycht thole na mar the fycht.
 All in a frusche thai tuk the flycht.
 And thai folowytyt full egrely :
 In all the toun commonaly
 Thai entrytyt, bath entre mellé. 215
 Thar men mycht feloune flauchtre se :
 For the ryght nobill Erle THOMAS
 That with hys rout folowyit the chafs,
 Maid swilk a flauchtre in the toun,
 And swa feloune occisioun, 220
 That thais rewys all bludy war
 Off slayne men, that war liand thar.

The lords war gottyn all away.
 And quhen the toun, as I yow say,

Ver. 221. *Rewys* are streets: *rues*, Fr.

Wes

Wes throw gret force off fechting tane,
And all thair fayis fled or slayne ;
Thai herberyty thaim all in the toun.
Quhar off wictaill wes sic fusoun,
And swa gret haboundance off wyne,
That the gud Erle had dowtyne
That off thair men suld drunkyn be,
And mak in drunkynes soim mellé.
Tharfor he maid off wyne leveré
To ilk man, that he payit suld be,
And thai had all yneuch perfay.
That nycht rycht weill at ese war thai ;
And rycht blyth off the gret honour
That thaim befell for thair walour.

Eftyr this fycht thai soiournyt thar
Into *Dundalk*, thre dayis but mar.
Syne tuk thai futhwarts thair way.
The Erle *THOMAS* wes forouth ay.
And, as thai raid throw the countré,
Thai mycht apon the hyllis se
Swa mony men, it wes ferly.
And quhen the Erle wald sturdely
Dres hym to thaim with hys baner,
Thai wald fley all that thar wer ;
Swa that in fycyt not ane abaid.
And thai futhwarts thair wayis raid
Quhill till a gret forest come thai,
Kylrose it hat, as lk hard fay.

Ver. 252. *Kylrose* is also unknown to the editor.

And

225

230

235

240

245

250

And thai tuk all thair herbery thar.
 In all this tyme RICHARD off CLAR,
 That wes the King's luftenand
 Off the barnage off *Irland*,
 A gret ost he assemblyt had.

Thai war fyve bataills, gret and braid,
 That soucht Schyr EDUWARD and hys men.
 Weill ner hym war thai cummyn then.

260
 He gat sone wittring that thai wer
 Cummard on hym; and war fa ner.

Hys men he dressyt, thaim agayn,
 And gert thaim stoutly to the playn.
 And syne the Erle thaim come to se;
 And Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY send he,

265
 And Schyr IHONE STEWART went alsua,
 Furth to discouer the way thai ta.

Thai saw the ost sone cum at hand;
 Thai wer to gesy fyfty thowsand.

270

Hame till Schyr EDUARD raid thai then,
 And said weill thai war mony men.

He said agayne, "The ma thai be,
 "The mar honour all out haff we,
 "Giff that we ber us manilly.

275

"We ar set her in juparty
 "To wyn honour, or for to dey.
 "We ar to fer fra hame to fley.
 "Tharfor lat ilk man worthy be.

280
 "Yone ar gadryngs off this countré;

"And

“ And thai fall fley, I trow, lychly,
 “ And men affaile thaim manlily.”

All said than that thai weile fuld do.

With that approchand ner thaim to
 The bataills come, redy to fycht ; 285
 And thai met thaim with mekill mycht ;
 That war ten thowsand worthy men.
 The *Scotts men* all on fute war then,
 And thai on stedys trappyt weile ;
 Sum helyt all in irne and stèle. 290

Bot *Scotts men*, at thair meting,
 With spers persyt thair armyng ;
 And stekyt hors, and men doun bar.
 A feloun fechting wes then thar.
 I cannot tell thair strakys all ; 295
 Na quha in fycht gert othyr fall.
 Bot in schort tyme, Ik undreta,
 Thai off *Irland* war conqueryt sua,
 That thai durft than abid na mar ;
 Bot fled scalyt, all that thai war. 300
 And levyt in the bataill sted
 Weill many off thair gud men ded.
 Off wappnys, armyng, and dede men,
 The feld wes hely strowyt then.

That gret ost rudly ruschyt was : 305
 Bot Schyr EDUWARD let na ma chas.

Bot

Bot with prisouners, that thai had tane,
 Thai till the woud agayne ar gane:
 Quhar that thair harnayss levyt wer.

That nyght thai maid thair men gud cher; 310
 And lovyt God fast off hys grace.

The gud knyght, that sa worthy was,
 Till JUDAS MACHABEUS mycht
 Be liknyt weill, into that fycht;
 Forsuk na multitud off men,
 Quhill he had ane aganys ten. 315

Thus I said RICHARD off CLAR,
 And hys gret oft, rebutyt war.
 Bot he about hym not forthy
 Was gaderand men ay ythenly.
 For he thought yheit to cower hys cast: 320
 It angyrryt hym rycht ferly fast,
 That twis intill bataill wes he
 Discomfyt, with a few menye.

And *Scotts men*, that to the forest
 War rydand, for to mak thair rest,
 All thais twa nychts thar thai lay,
 And maid thaim myrth, solace, and play. 325

Towart *Ydymfy* syne thai raid.
 Ane *Irsche* King, that ayth haid maid 330

Ver. 329. *Ydymfy* is unknown. Editions read *Endroffy*.

To

To Schyr EDUARD off fewté,
 For forouth thar hym presyt he,
 To fe hys land, that na wictaill,
 Na noucht, that mycht thaim help, fuld faill.

Schyr EDUARD trowyt in hys hyc्त; 335
 And with hys rout raid thyddir rycht.

A gret rewyr he gert hym pafs;
 And in a rycht fayr place, that was
 Lawch by a bourne, he gert thaim ta
 Thair herbery: and said he wald ga 340
 To ger men wictaill to thaim bring.
 He held hys way, but mar duelling:
 For to betraifs thaim wes hys thought.
 In sic a place he hes thaim brought,
 For off twa journais weill, and mar, 345
 All the catell withdrawyn war.
 Swa that thai in that land mycht get
 Nathing that worth war for till ete.
 With hungryr he thought thaim to feblis,
 Syne bryng on thaim thair enemyss. 350

This fals traytour's men had maid,
 A litill quhar he herbryit had
 Schyr EDUARD and the *Scottismen*,
 The ischow off a louch to den;
 And leyt it out into the nycht. 355
 The watre than, with swilk a mycht,

Ver: 345. That is, the cattle were removed to a distance
 of two days' march.

On

On Schyr EDUWARD's men com doun,
 That thai in perill war to droun.
 For or thai wyft on flot war thai ;
 With mekill payn thai gat away :
 And held thair lyff, as God gaff grace.
 Bot off thair harnys tynt thar was.
 He maid thaim na gud fest, perfay ;
 And not forthy yneuch had thai.
 For thouch thaim failyt off the mete,
 I warn yow weill thai war wele wet.

360

365

In gret distress thar war thai stاد :
 For gret default off mete thai had.
 And thai betwix rewers twa
 War set ; and mycht pafs nane off tha.
 The *Bane* that is ane arm off the *se*,
 That with horfs may not passyt be,
 Wes betwix thaim, and *Hullyster*.
 Thai had bene in gret perill ther ;
 Ne war a scowmar off the *se*,
 THOMAS off DOWNE hattyn wes he,
 Hard that the ost fa strayly than
 Was stاد ; and salyt up the *Ban*,
 Quhill he come wele ner quhar thai lay.
 Thai knew hym wele, and blyth war thai.

370

375

380

Ver. 363, 364. ' He gave them no good entertainment, in
 faith, and yet they had enough.'

Ver. 371. The river Boyne?

With

With four schyppis, that he had tane,
 He set thaim our the *Ban* ilkane.
 And quhen thai com in biggit land,
 Wictaill and mete yneuch thai fand.
 And in a wod thaim herberyt thai ; 385
 Nane off the land wyft quhar thai lay.
 Thei esyt thaim, and maid gud cher.
 Intill that tym besid thaim wer
 With a gret ost Schyr RYCHARD off CLAR ;
 And othyrs gret off *Irlan* wer 390
 Herbyryt in a forest syd.
 And ilk day thai gert men ryd,
 To bryng wictaill on fer manerys
 To thaim, fra the toun off *Coigners* ;
 That wele ten gret myle wes thaim fra. 395
 Ilk day, as thai wald cum and ga,
 Thai come to the *Scotis* ost fa ner,
 That bot twa myle betwix thaim war.
 And quhen the Erle THOMAS persawing
 Had off thair cummyng and thair ganging, 400
 He gat hym a gud cumpany,
 Thre hundre on horsis, wycht and hardy ;
 Ther wes Schyr PHILIP the MOWBRAY,
 And Sir JOHN STEWART als perfay ;
 And Schyr ALANE STEWART alsua, 405
 Schyr ROBERT BOID ; and othyr ma.

Ver. 383. ' Biggit land' is land where there were houses or buildings.

Ver. 394. Coyners. *Annals.*

Thai

Tha raid to mete the wictalers,
That with thair wictall fra *Coigners*
Come haldand to thair ost the way.

Swa sedanly on thaim schot thai,
That thai war sua abaysit all,
That thai leyt all thair wapnys fall ;
And mercy pitously gan cry.
And thai tuk thaim in thair mercy,
And has thaim up sa clenly tane,
That off thaim all eschapyt nane.

410

415

The Erle off thaim gatt wittring
That off thair ost, in the ewynyng,
Wald cum out at the wodds fid,
And agaynys thair wictaill rid :
He thought than on a juperty,
And gert hys mengye halely
Dyght thaim in the prisounours aray :
Thair penownys als with thaim tuk thai.
And quhill the nyght wes ner thai bad,
And syne towardt the ost thai raid.
Sum off thair mekill ost has sene
Thair come ; and wend thai had bene
Thair wictalours. Tharfor thai raid
Agaynes thaim, scalyt, for thai had
Na dred that thai thair fayis war ;
And thaim hungryt als weill far.
Tharfor thai come abandounly.
And quhen thai wer ner, in gret hy

420

425

430

The Erle, and all that with hym war,
Ruschyt on thaim with wapnys bar ;
And thair ensenyeis hey gan cry.
Than thai, that saw swa sedanly
Thair fayis ding on thaim, war sa rad,
That thai na hart to help thaim had.
Bot to the oft thair way gan ta ;
And thai chaffyt, and swa fele gan fla,
That all the feldys strowyt war.
Ma than a thowfand ded war thar.
Ryght till thair oft thai gan thaim chass ;
And syne agayne thair wayis tais.

435

440

445

In this wyss wes the wictaill tane ;
And off the *Irche men* mony flane.
The Erle syne, with hys cumpany,
Prefoners and wictaillers halily,
Thai brought till Schyr EDUARD all swyth ;
And he wes off thair cummyn blyth.
That nycht thai maid thaim mery cher ;
For ryght all at thair eyss thai wer :
Thai war ay walkyt sykyrly.
And thair fayis, on the tothyr party,
Quhen thai hard how thair men war slayne,
And how thair wictaill als wes tane,
Thai tuk to confaill that thai wald
Thair way towart *Coigners* hald ;
And herbery in the cité ta.
And then in gret hy thai haff don sua ;

450

455

460

And

435

And raid be nyght to the cité.
 Thai fand thair off wictaill gret plenté;
 And maid thaim ryght mery cher,
 For all traist in the toun thai wer.

465

440

Apon the morn thai send to spy
 Quhar *Scotts* men had tane herbery.

Bot thai with all als tane,
 And brought ryght till the ost ilkane.

470

The Erle off MURREFF ryght mekly
 Speryt at ane of thair cumpny,
 Quhar thair ost wes; and quhat thai thought
 To do? And said hym, giff he moucht

Fynd that to hym the suth said he,
 He fuld gang hame but ransoum fre.

475

He said, " Forsuth I fall yow fay,
 " Thai thynk to morne, quhen it is day,
 " To sek yow, with all thair mengye,
 " Giff thai may get wit quhar ye be.

480

" Thai haff gert throw the countré cry,
 " Off Payne off lyff, full fellounly,

" That all the men off this countré
 " To nyght into the cyté be.

" And trewly thai fall be fa fele

485

" That ye fall na wyfs with thaim dele."

' Depardew,' said he, ' weill may be !'

To Schyr EDUARD, with that, yeid he;
 And tauld hym utrely this tale.

Than haff thai tane for cunsall hale

490

And

O 2

That

That thai wald rid to the cyté
 That ilk nyght, swa that thai mycht be
 Betwix the toun with all thair rout,
 And thaim that war to cum without.

As thai dewysyt thai haff done ;
 Befor the toune thai come alsone :
 And bot halfindall a myle off way
 Fra the cité, a rest tuk thai.

And quhen the day wes dawyn lycht,
 Fyfty on hobynys, that war wycht,
 Come to a litill hill, that was
 Bot fra the toun a litill space.

And saw Schyr EDUWARD's herbery ;
 And off the syc ht had gret ferly :
 That swa quhone durst on ony wif
 Undretak fa hey enprys,

As for to cum fa hardly
 Apon all the chewalry

Off *Irland*, for to bid bataill.

And swa it wes withowtyn fail.

For agayne thaim war gadryt thar,
 With the wardane RICHARD off CLAR,

The BUTLER ; and Erls twa,

Off DESMOWND, and KILDAR, war thai ;

BRYNNAME, WEDOUN, and FYZE WARYNE ;
 And Schyr PASCHALL off FLORENTYNE, 516
 That wes a knyght off *Lowmbardy*,
 And wes full off chewalry.

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The

The MAWNDWEILLS war thar alsua;
495 BESITTS; LOGANYS; and othyr ma:
SAWAGES als; and yheit wes ane
Hat Schyr NYCHOLL off KYLKENANE.

And with thir lords fa fele wes then,

That, for ane off the *Scotts men*,

I trow that thai war fyve, or ma.

Quhen thair discourouris seyne had sua

The *Scotts* ost, thai went in hy

And tauld thair lords opynly,

How thai to thaim wer cummyn ner;

To sek thaim fer wes na myster.

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500 And quhen the Erle THOMAS had sene

That thaise men at the hill had bene,

He tuk with hym a gret mengye,

On horfs ane hundre thai mycht be,

And to the hill thai tuk thair way;

535

And in a flak thaim enbuschyt thai.

And, in schort tyme, fra the cité

Thai saw cumand rydand a mengye

For to discurr to the hill.

510 Than war thai blyth, and held tham still,

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Quhill thai wer cummyn till thaim ner.

Than in a frusche, all that thai wer,

Thai schot apon thaim hardely.

And thai that saw fa fedanly

That folk cum on, abaysit war.

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And not forthy sum off thaim nar

Abad

Abad stoutly to ma debate :
And othyr sum ar fled thair gate.
And into wele schort tyme war tha,
That maid a rest, contreryit sua,
That thai fled halyly thair gat.
And thai thaim chaffyt rycht to the yat ;
And a gret part off thaim hes flayn ;
And syne went till thair ost agayn.

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END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



